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WHEN THE DEVIL WAS WELL

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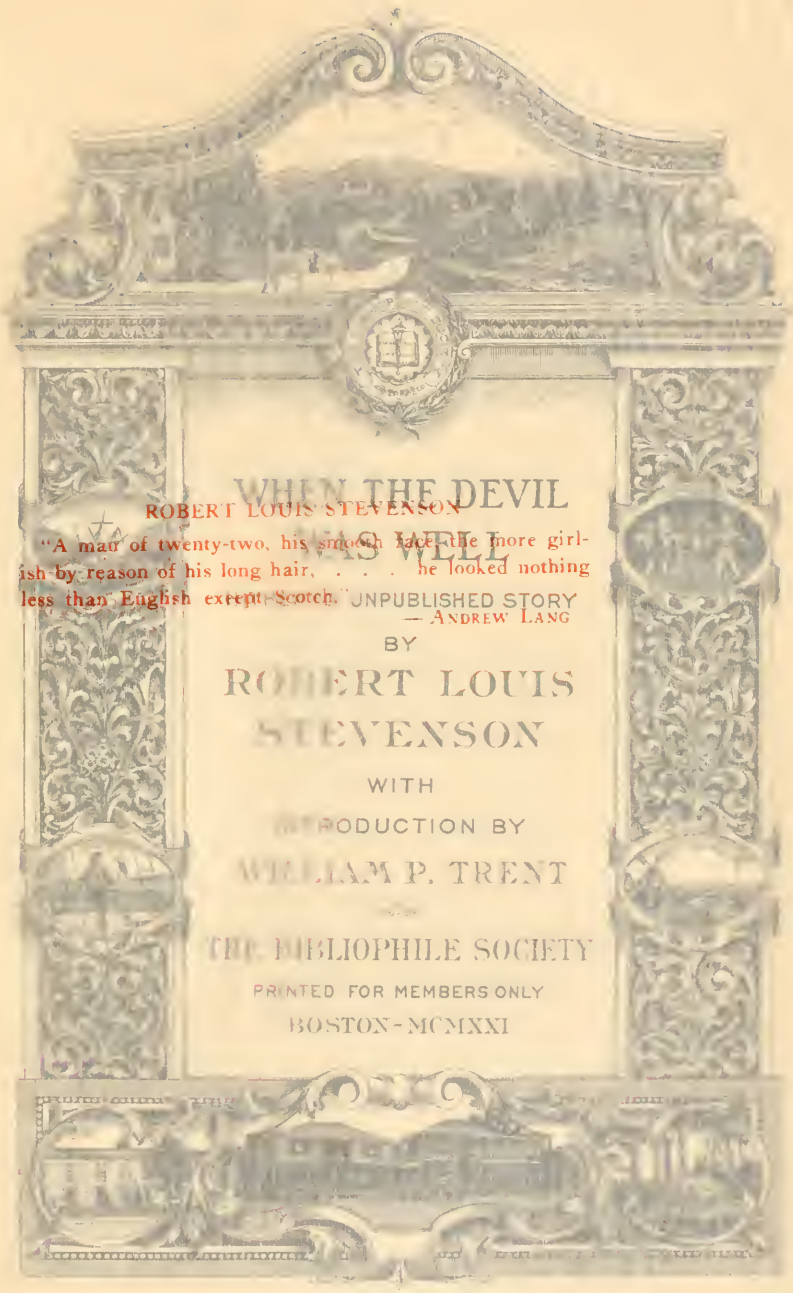

WHEN THE DEVIL WAS WELL

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

"A man of twenty-two, his smooth face like more girlish by reason of his long hair, . . . he looked nothing less than English except Scotch."

UNPUBLISHED STORY

— ANDREW LANG

BY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

WITH

INTRODUCTION BY

WILLIAM P. TRENT

THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY

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BOSTON - MCMXXI

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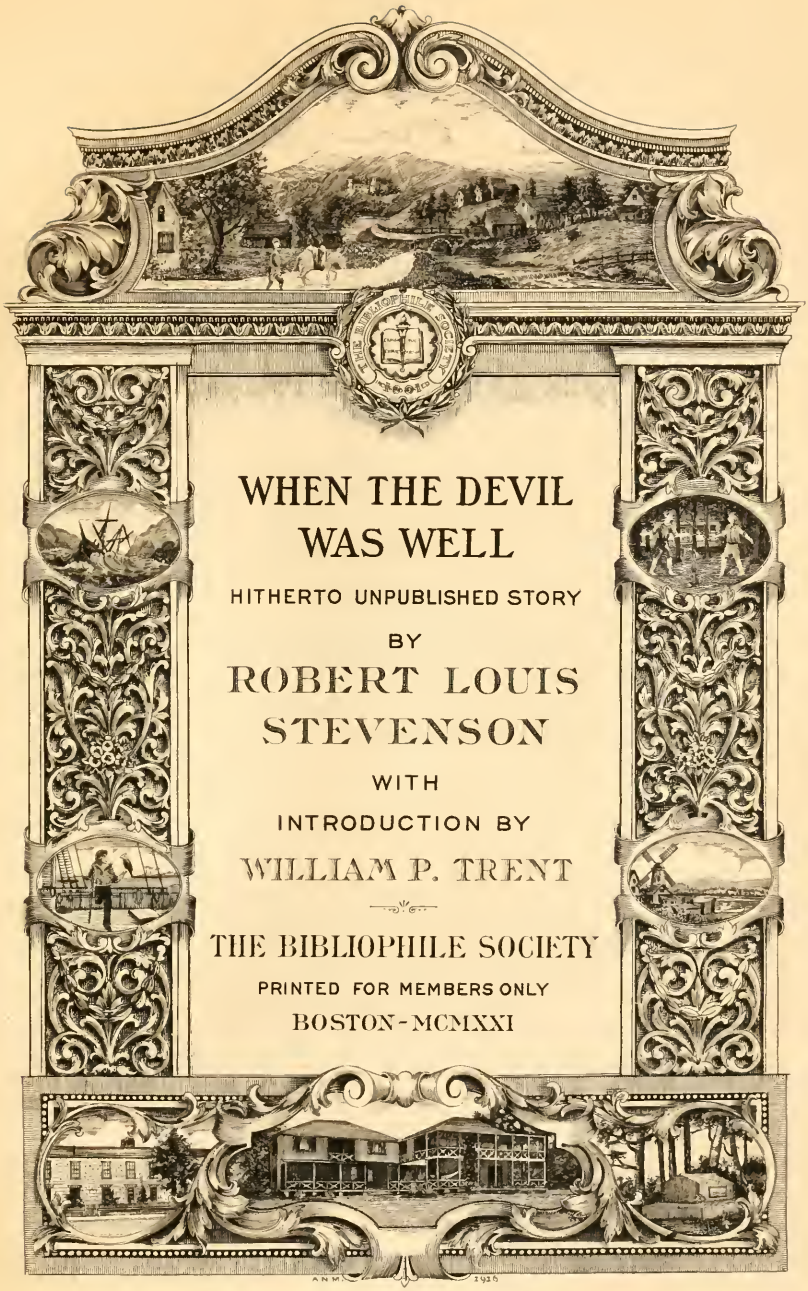

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INTRODUCTION

In the light of present knowledge the story here printed for the first time is the earliest extant piece of prose fiction written by Robert Louis Stevenson. Juvenilia such as "The Pentland Rising" and a few essays and some verses lay behind him, when, in November 1874, he wrote to Mrs. Sitwell, later Lady Colvin: "I have finished *The Story of King Matthias' Hunting Horn*, whereof I spoke to you, and I think it should be good. It excites me like wine, or fire, or death, or love, or something; nothing of my own writing ever excited me so much; it does seem to me so weird and fantastic."

The tale named has, according to Sir Sidney Colvin, "perished like so many other stories of this time." Stevenson's rapture over it prepares us for the following sentences in a letter of January 1875, to the same lady: "I

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am so happy. I am no longer here in Edinburgh. I have been all yesterday evening and this afternoon in Italy, four hundred years ago, with one Sannazaro, sculptor, painter, poet, etc., and one Ippolita, a beautiful Duchess. O I like it badly! I wish you could hear it at once; or rather I wish you could see it immediately in beautiful type on such a page as it ought to be, in my first little volume of stories. What a change this is from collecting dull notes for *John Knox*, as I have been all the early part of the week — the difference between life and death. . . *vous verrez*, and if you don't like this story — well, I give it up if you don't like it. Not but what there's a long way to travel yet; I am no farther than the threshold; I have only set the men, and the game has still to be played, and a lot of dim notions must become definite and shapely, and a deal be clear to me that is anything but clear as yet. The story shall be called, I think, *When the Devil was Well*, in allusion to the old proverb."

Sir Sidney Colvin tells us that the "Italian story so delightedly begun was by and by condemned and destroyed like all the others of

this time." Sir Graham Balfour, Stevenson's biographer, who assigns the beginning of the tale to the close of 1874, merely says that it "was finished the next year, and the unfavourable opinion of his friends was accepted as final." That it did not perish is now amply demonstrated, and perhaps it was preserved because at least one early reader was sufficiently enthusiastic — Was it R. A. M. Stevenson? — to write on the last page of the manuscript, "Bravissimo, caro mio!" Or perhaps it survived because Stevenson never forgot that he had once lived with his duchess and his sculptor – the latter of whom, by the way, he always presented as Sanazarro, not as Sannazzaro or as Sannazaro, the form of spelling in which the name of the real Italian poet usually appears.

A letter to his friend Colvin written from Edinburgh in the same month of January 1875, makes further mention of our story, or novelette as its length almost warrants our calling it: "I shall have another Portfolio paper as soon as I am done with this story, that has played me out; the story is to be called *When the Devil was Well*: scene, Italy, Ren-

aissance; colour, purely imaginary of course, my own unregenerate imagination of what Italy then was. O, when shall I find the story of my dreams, that shall never halt nor wander nor step aside, but go ever before its face, and ever swifter and louder, until the pit receives it, roaring?" A little later in the same month he mentioned to Colvin another story he was finishing, *The Two Falconers of Cairnstane*, his imagination having turned, it would seem, to his native land. In the same letter he included this tale and *King Matthias' Hunting Horn* in a list of twelve stories, four of them Scotch, some of which he had ready, some of which needed copying, finishing, or "reorganization;" some of which were only "in gremio." He discussed getting them into shape for *A Book of Stories*, preferring publication as a volume to trying his luck with the magazines. But there was apparently no word more about *When the Devil was Well*. Had the unfavorable opinion of his friends been reached thus early, or was his own love for Ippolita waning?

However this may be, he had tasted the delight of writing fiction, and his appetite for

success was unappeased. Soon he was engaged on an old story, to which he had given the new name of *A Country Dance*, — a performance to be comprised in six or seven chapters. Preparing articles bothered him; he was working "like a madman" at his stories. Then travel, studying for the law, and many other things occupy his mind, and there is little room for stories; but by January 1876, he is trying his hand at a novel, and his essays take up a good deal of his time. The novel was probably *The Hair Trunk; or, the Ideal Commonwealth*, mentioned in a letter of May 1877, a work which partly exists in manuscript, and is said to contain "some tolerable fooling." Then he is going to send *Temple Bar,* his story, *The Sire de Malétroit's Mousetrap*, a not uninteresting *tour de force*, which we read today in *The New Arabian Nights* as *The Sire de Malétroit's Door.* Another bit of fiction, *The Stepfather's Story*, probably came to nothing, but *Will o' the Mill*, mentioned in August 1877, which is now read in *The Merry Men*, was accepted by Leslie Stephen for the *Cornhill*, and appeared in the number of January 1878. Meanwhile *Tem-*

ple Bar, in the number of October 1877, had printed *A Lodging for the Night: A Story of Francis Villon.* A comparison of the text of the story as given in the magazine with that to be found in *The New Arabian Nights* will show that Stevenson had "arrived," not merely as a writer of prose fiction, but as a master of English style. Comparison of the excellent story of Villon with *When the Devil was Well* will greatly help the future student to determine the advance made by Stevenson in his art between the winter of 1875 and the autumn of 1877.

Turning now to the manuscript of *When the Devil was Well*, we find that it consists of fifty-four carefully numbered quarto leaves, the first of which is herewith given in facsimile, — the back of each leaf, with one exception, being blank. The text throughout is in ink in a hand of medium, or a shade above medium, size. Many erasures, insertions, and other changes throw considerable and interesting light upon the attitude of the young writer toward his style. These alterations are for the main part indicated in the appendix, and a study of them will convince most per-

sons that the changes made are, as a rule, distinctly for the better. So far as can be determined, all the alterations due to Stevenson himself are in ink, the numerous changes and suggestions due to others being in pencil. Through how many other revising hands the manuscript passed is difficult to determine — perhaps even the greatest expert in matters of handwriting would hesitate to express a very positive opinion. It is clear, however, that at least three readers left their pencilled traces. One annotator — by far the most copious and interesting — we have assumed to be Stevenson's father, the engineer Thomas Stevenson, who at the time of this story was about fifty-seven years old. This assumption is based on statements made in the catalogue of the Anderson Galleries, New York, for the sale of November 29-30, 1920. Another reader, who left but few traces, is identified by the hand assumed to be Thomas Stevenson's as "Stephen." It seems hard to find among Stevenson's relatives and friends one whose Christian name would point to him as the annotator, and a natural and pleasing inference is that the person we are in search of is no other than

the distinguished critic, Leslie Stephen, then editing the *Cornhill*, – later editor of *The Dictionary of National Biography*, and Sir Leslie. In February 1875 — the month after *When the Devil was Well* seems to have been written — Stephen, who was lecturing in Edinburgh, called on Stevenson, and took him to see Henley, who was then confined to an infirmary. Colvin had already introduced Stevenson to Stephen, and the latter had printed the former's paper, *Victor Hugo's Romances,* in the *Cornhill,* hence it seems not too hazardous to conjecture that in some way or other Stephen was induced to glance over the manuscript of the story, whether or not it was in anyone's mind that he might use it in his magazine.[1]

The third reader, who has left clear traces in the manuscript, was the enthusiastic one whose comment in Italian has already been given. It has been plausibly conjectured that he was Stevenson's cousin, Robert Alan Mow-

[1] Since this was written, a comparison of the annotation attributed to "Stephen" with a holograph letter of Leslie Stephen's leaves practically no doubt that the reviser of Stevenson's manuscript at this point was, as is held in the text, the editor of the *Cornhill.*

bray Stevenson, three and a half years his senior, who became a distinguished critic of painting. The exuberance of the unknown's comment seems somewhat to savor of the conversational brilliance said to have characterized this talented cousin, but positive identification of him with the annotator is impossible, in the absence of specimens of his handwriting. Equally impossible is it to make sure whether all the persons who passed judgment upon the manuscript have been clearly differentiated. More than once what has been assumed to be the handwriting of Thomas Stevenson furnishes occasion for the suspicion that perhaps some mistake has been made, and that a fourth reader is lurking in the misty background.

Were now these three, four, or more advisers right in their verdict reported as having been on the whole unfavorable? From some points of view they doubtless were. Stevenson had made a good beginning as a reviewer and essayist, and, as that accomplished bibliographer, the late Col. W. F. Prideaux reminded us, he had apparently begun to recognize in his paper on Hugo's romances the abil-

ity to say things in the way they should be said. Something of this ability is discoverable in *When the Devil was Well*, but it was an open question in 1875 whether the young writer's reputation might not be damaged by the appearance of a story no more striking in plot and characterization than this early performance. On the other hand, we may agree with Stevenson's advisers, and yet be very glad that we are enabled to read the story they counselled him to suppress. We can perceive that, although amateurish, it is quite readable as a whole, and contains not a few premonitory touches of something we now know to have been genius. We can cast around it a mild halo of sentiment and affection without feeling that we have done a grievous wrong to our critical faculties. We can readily perceive its value to the close student of Stevenson's evolution as an artist. Finally, we can rest assured that what Stevenson did not destroy probably made an appeal to him which is not likely to be lost upon his admirers old or new.

W. P. TRENT

WHEN THE DEVIL WAS WELL

When Duke Orsino had finally worn out the endurance of his young wife Ippolita, he made no opposition to her departure from the palace, and even had her escorted with all honour to the nunnery among the hills, which she had chosen for her retreat. Here, the good soul began to heal herself of all the slights that had been put upon her in these last years; and day by day, she grew to a greater quietness of spirit, and a more deep contentment in the little sunshiny, placid, ways of convent life; until it seemed to her as if all the din and passion, all the smoke and stir of that dim spot that men call earth, had passed too far away from her to move her any more. It seemed as if life were quite ended for her, and

[Stevenson's own punctuation, which includes a liberal number of commas, has for the most part been followed in printing this story.]

yet, in a new sense, beginning. As day followed day, without violence, without distrust, without the poor falsehood or the poor pomp of a court life she seemed to breathe in renovation, and grow ever stronger and ever the more peaceful at heart. And yet the third year had not come to an end, before this peace was overthrown. For about that time it chanced that there was a new great altar-piece needed for the convent chapel; and so the authorities sent for a young sculptor, who (as was possible in these grand days) was a bit of a painter also, and a bit of an architect too, for the matter of that, and, for that matter, he could turn a sonnet as well as another, and touch a lute. One morning, after Sanazarro (for that was the sculptor's name), had been the matter of a week about his picture, he chanced to look out of his window in the early morning, while Ippolita went to and fro in the garden reading. He looked at her carelessly enough at first; but he was so taken, before she left the garden, with the dignity and delicacy of her shape, and a certain large and tranquil sorrow in her face, that he made an oath to himself inwardly, not to leave the convent until he had

When the Devil was Well

When Duke Ercole had finally worn out the [illegible]
endurance of his young wife Ippolita, [illegible]
[illegible]

1)

When the Devil was Well.

When Duke Cusino had finally worn out the ~~pati~~ endurance of his young wife Ippolita, ~~it would be hard to say whether it was out of fear for her family, or from one of those occasional returns of a better spirit that now and then surprised him~~) ~~he made~~ ~~no difficulty~~ – but he made no opposition to her departure from ~~his~~ the palace, and even had her escorted with all honour to the nunnery away the hills, which she had chosen for her retreat. Here, the good soul began to heal herself of all the slights that had been put upon her in these last years; and day by day, she grew to a greater quietness of spirit, and a more deep contentment in the little sunshiny, placid, ways of convent life; until it seemed ~~even~~ to her as if all the ~~turmoil~~ din and passion, ~~and~~ all the smoke and

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seen more of this sweet nun. And so that day nothing would go right with his altar-piece, it seemed. He painted in and painted out, till it was hard to divine what he was after; and by evening, the canvass looked altogether different, and there was a great bald space now, where before there had been much finished work. You see, he had to change his whole composition, before he could make room for another full length female figure.

The next morning, before the sun rose, he was at his window; and again the beautiful nun walked for an hour or two about the convent garden, not reading this time, but stooping here and there among the borders to pluck flowers, following butterflies to and fro with a sort of grave curiosity, standing to listen for long times together to a bird on one of the cypresses, and looking out, with gladness in her eyes, on the long peep of woodland and falling vale that opened through the mountains toward the south. This decided him for good and all; he would have the painting of that nun, he told himself, if it cost him his finger nails. So he desired an audience of the Lady Abbess, and told her roundly enough, that he

could do no more without a proper model for the angel in the right-hand corner. The poor Superior was in consternation, and wondered if he could by no means find what he needed in the neighbourhood.

"We have the very thing here under our own eyes," said Sanazarro, with a little sigh. "But I suppose it may not be — she is a nun." The Abbess was properly scandalised, and informed him that, in accordance with their strict rule, he had never — no, not so much as for one moment — seen the face of any of the religious of that house.

"Nun or no nun," he returned, "my model walks up and down the garden every morning in a nun's habit."

"Ah Signor, that is no nun," said the Abbess; "that is the Duchess of Orsino, a very great lady, and so piously given that she lives here with us, by permission of her husband, the Duke. But our end is none the better served. We cannot ask a great princess that she should hold up her face to you while you paint."

"And yet the end is God's Glory," said San-

azarro, as though he were thinking to himself. . .[1]

"It is not as if it were a mythological subject, or a mere portrait."

"By no means," said the Abbess.

"And so, if she be piously given — you said she was given piously?"

"A perfect angel!" said the Abbess, casting up her eyes.

"In short," concluded Sanazarro, in a tone that did not admit of question, "if she will not so far discompose herself for God's service and the zeal of this house, there is no other help for it, nothing else is here that would serve my end, and I must go for some weeks' study to the town." And he made as if he was going out.

Now the Abbess, as he knew very well, desired to have the new altar-piece against a certain festival, and would go a long way to bring about her fancy. "I will speak at once with the Duchess," she said. And as this was all the young sculptor could expect, he bowed

[1] These dots appear in the manuscript, and do not indicate any omission. This applies also throughout the story, wherever they are shown.

and went back to his work in so fine a flutter of expectation that he could scarce hold his pencils. He had not been many minutes over his canvass, ere he was bidden by the old gardener to speak with her Grace. She was lodged in a small pavilion, decorated with her own hand and stored with books and materials for embroidery, and instruments of music. You may be quite sure her heart beat as hard as Sanazarro's at the thought of this interview, for it was some years since she had spoken with any besides the good quiet women of the convent, women whose time was measured out to them by the bell for offices, the Mulberry harvest and the Archbishop's annual visit. He made her a very handsome salutation, which she returned to him with dignity; and after a few moments of talk, she addressed the Abbess, who stood by, and told her she would love so much to see the progress of the picture that she was willing to let herself be painted, as a sort of price. "You must see that you make me fair enough, Signor," she added with a little laugh.

The Abbess was usually present at their sittings and, while she was there, there was much

talk between the sculptor and the Duchess. When they were left alone, they spoke less and with less freedom; Sanazarro grew shamefast, and bent over his painting, and often, when he raised his eyes with intent to speak, there was something in her face that discouraged him and made the words die on his lips: they were never the right words somehow. It was a pleasant time for both. There was the great shadowed room, with a flicker of vine leaves at the stanchioned window; the canvass dyed in gold and amethyst and peopled with many speaking countenances of saints and angels; and these two beautiful young folk, thinking silently of each other with downcast eyes, or courting, unconsciously to themselves, in the grave presence of the nun. And when from time to time, a puff of wind would bring in to them the odour of the limes, or a bell would ring for some office, and they could hear the organ and chanting from the chapel, these things would fall so exactly into the vein of their sweet talk that they seemed to be a part of it; and the two were grateful, each to the other, for the pleasure of them. Ippolita grew to be all in all to Sanazarro; and he, in

his turn, was all in all to her. When there came a messenger from the city, telling her that there were some signs of a good change in her husband's disposition, she was glad indeed, in a saintly, sisterly sort of way, for the sake of the man who had so much injured her; but all the gladness and the gratitude went down somehow to the account of Sanazarro, and she loved him the better for the good news.

One morning, as Ippolita was walking as usual in the sloping garden, she raised her eyes by chance and met those of Sanazarro intently following her as she went. Both started. The sculptor withdrew his head; and when again he ventured to peep forth, the Duchess had recovered her composure and was walking to and fro among the borders as before, with just a little touch of added dignity in her carriage. She left the garden half an hour sooner than was her custom. That day the sitting was rather nervous work; and when the Abbess left them alone together for a while, although the embarrassment of the silence grew almost unendurable, they did not exchange one word till she returned. The next morning, Sanazarro waited and waited at the window;

the bees and butterflies came and went among the blossoms, the sunlit garden was flickered over with the swift shadows of flying swallows, the doves crooned on the gutter overhead, the gardener came and dug awhile under the window and sang to his work in a cracked voice; — but there was no Ippolita. You may fancy if the painting went heavily all that day; the two young folk were so tongue-tied, that the Abbess had the talk all her own way, and taught them recipes for possets and cordials and dressings to lay upon fresh wounds, and told them tales of her sainted predecessor, Monna Francesca, until it was time to separate. But on the third morning, Ippolita appeared again, with heightened colour and a sweet consciousness of gait. For some time, she avoided that part of the garden which was looked upon by Sanazarro's lodging, but at last (as though she thought there was a sort of confession in too much diffidence) she began to draw near to it with eyes fixed upon the walk. Nay, she stood a long while immediately underneath, pulling a rose in pieces in an absent doubtful manner; once even, she raised her head a little, as though she would

fain be certain whether or not she was observed, and then thinking better of it, changed colour and walked off again with all imaginable dignity of gait. Never were two people met in such adorable spirits, as these two that afternoon; and the Abbess had sometimes to dry her eyes and sometimes to hold her sides for laughing,—they talked with such gaiety and passion on all manner of things, sad and merry and beautiful. The next day, as Ippolita drew near, there fluttered down in the sunshine, out of Sanazarro's window, a little open leaf of white paper with some writing on it. Looking up covertly, while yet she was some distance off, she saw the sculptor's face was there no longer; and so, telling herself all manner of good, wise reasons for the folly, she came forward hurriedly and snatched up the treasure and put it in the bosom of her dress. It was a sonnet written as Sanazarro knew how, clear and strong in form, and of a dainty turn, in which he addressed some unknown goddess who had made the world a new world for him, and given him a new acquaintance with his soul.

All this time, you will ask me, where were

the Abbess's eyes? She was a simple creature, indeed, but I do think the good soul had her own suspicions, and I believe the whole business cost her many a God-forgive-me, and that she atoned by secret penances for the little indulgences, the little opportunities of private talk that she was wont to make for the two lovers. You may join the strictest order on the face of the earth; but if you are a good-hearted sentimental old maid, you will be a good-hearted sentimental old maid to the end. And all this time, there passed no word of love between the pair. Something about Ippolita imposed upon Sanazarro and withheld him, and had so much changed him, indeed, that he scarcely recognised himself. Only a strange familiarity and confidence grew up, and, when they were alone, they told each other all the secret troubles of their past lives, and Ippolita would lean upon his chair to see him paint. At last one day, as summer drew near to its meridian, and the picture, in spite of all dallying, grew and grew hourly toward accomplishment, Ippolita came and leant after this fashion on Sanazarro's chair. He could feel her touch upon his shoulder, and her breath stirred

his hair as it came and went. A film stood before his eyes, he could paint no longer; and thus they remained for some troubled seconds in silence. Then Sanazarro laid down his palette and brushes, stood up and turned round to her and took both her hands in his. The sight of her face, white and frightened and expectant, with mild eyes, and a tremulous under lip — the sight of her face was to him as if he had seen the thoughts of his own heart in a mirror. Their mouths joined, with a shudder, in one long kiss. This was the time when Sanazarro should have died. A man should die, when he has saved a life, or finished a great work, or set the first kiss upon his lady's lips; at one of those short seasons when he feels as if he had attained to the summit of attainment, and had no more to live for. It was Ippolita who came soonest to herself; she plucked her lips away from his, and laid her hand confidently on his shoulder: "Now dear," she said, "you must go away — You must not see me more — Work, and think sometimes of me; and I shall pray and think of you."

After that, the Duchess gave Sanazarro no

more sittings. He finished his picture in a week, working at it without rest or intermission, and then took leave of the good Abbess, and went forth again into the world with great happiness and sorrow in his heart. As he went down that beautiful reach of valley that was visible from the convent garden, he stopped often to look back. He could see its congregated roofs and the chapel belfry shine in the sunlight among the black pines, under the glaring dusty shoulder of the hill. He looked back into that narrow crevice, and then forth and on where the widening valley showed him many fruitful counties and famous cities and the far-off brightness of the Adriatic beyond all; and he thought how he left his soul behind him in that cleft of the big hills, and how all these kingdoms of the earth that lay outspread below, could offer him nothing that he loved or coveted. It was no wonder if his horse went slowly.[1]

[1] Sanazarro's 29th Sonnet: many interesting details, besides those borrowed in the text, are to be found in these delightful poems, which I am always glad to think, it was his last work on earth to revise and perfect. [Author's note.]

Duke Orsino had been long ailing; it was months since he had been withdrawn from war and gallantry; these months had each brought with them some new token of failing strength, and he had been confined first to the garden, and next to the studio and the great gallery, and then to his own room. For three weeks no[w] he had been bed-ridden. And just as the splendour and vigour of the life of the Palazzo had declined at first, step by step with his declining health, there began now a sort of contrary movement; and as he grew ever worse, the steps of the religious were more common on the marble staircase, a haunting odour of incense hung about the house, and the work of the new chapel was pushed on with the more energy day by day. A young statuary had come recently from Florence for the greater decoration of the tomb in the south aisle; and the sound of himself and his workmen singing gaily over the clay or the marble, stole out through the house and fell often upon my lord's ear, as he lay, propped upon pillows, thumbing and muttering over his book of hours. Among other signs that the Duke's sands were running low, the Duchess had been

recalled from the nunnery where she had lived so many years sequestrated, and the brilliant Isotta had gone forth reluctantly from the Palazzo, followed by a train of dissolute attendants and many brawny porters bearing chests. Orsino was going to make a very reputable end, it appeared, to a not very reputable life. Large sums were given daily to the poor. He was to be reconciled before he died (so went the rumor) to his old enemy Bartolomeo della Scala, whom he had driven out of the town in old years, and who had since crossed him in love and war, and outrivalled him in splendour of living and ostentatious patronage of art.

Towards the end of January, as Sanazarro (for he was the sculptor) was passing through the vestibule after his day's work, he was aware of an unusual bustle in the palace, and saw many shaven heads coming and going between the door and the quarter of the house where the Duke's sick-room was situated. Priests and monks kept passing out and in, by pairs or little companies, talking away to each other with much eagerness and a great show of secrecy. Sanazarro was not used to see so many

visitors in this sad house, and stood aside between two pillars to see if there was any end to the thoroughfare. "Death must be drawing near," he thought to himself, "when so many crows are gathered together." And yet they all looked merry enough and hopeful; and what he could catch of their talk, was not what would be looked for in the mouths of persons leaving a perilous sick bed. Two words recurred so often that he ended by putting them together. If he did not hear "miracle," he heard "tomorrow;" if no one said "tomorrow," some one would say "miracle." It looked as if they expected some wonderful event on the next day; perhaps the restoration of Orsino's health. And yet he had touched a sight of relics, since first he fell sick, without much benefit; and seen so many doctors, that you would have thought there [were] no more left in Italy for him to consult.

At last, there was an end of priests and monks; the palace seemed to have disgorged itself of ecclesiastics; and as no more came from without to take their places, Sanazarro quitted his post of watch and went down the street with that something of a swagger that

befitted his beautiful person, his fine clothes and his growing repute as an artist. "A miracle tomorrow!" he thought to himself, with a little smile. "And a very good time for it—unless it were better the day after!"

It was sunset when he got out of the city gate. The day was drawing to a close in a sort of sober splendour, without much colour, but with a wonderful parade of light. The western sky was all one space of clear gold; the eastern sky was tinged with a faint green behind certain purple hills; overhead, a star or two had come forth and were already large and bright. The undulating olive grounds lay about him in blue shadow, and grew darker moment by moment. He sat down by a wayside crucifix, and fell to thinking of many things, and, I daresay, among others, of the nunnery in the hills, and the sloping garden where Ippolita used to walk. He had seen her, that day, and saluted her in silence as usual; for many days, these two had lived under the same roof, without the exchange of a word or so much as a look of intelligence. As he thus sat brooding, there was a faint sound far away upon the road, that grew rap-

idly louder, until Bartolomeo della Scala came up between the olive woods, with many horsemen about him. He stopped as he came alongside of Sanazarro; for the fantastic dress of the sculptor made him easily known even at dusk; and taking off his hat with ironical courtesy, demanded how it went with his present patron.

"Why, my lord," answered Sanazarro, "it goes with him even as I would have it go with you, and all other my good friends and patrons. He is like to outstrip us. He will have the choice of rooms before us, my lord, in Paradise."

"Aye, aye," said Bartolomeo, "I am overjoyed to hear it, Master Sanazarro. See that he does not outstrip you in yet another way. See that you have the tomb ready for the good man. I would not have him begin the new life in an ill-aired bed. I pray God"—and here he crossed himself with much appearance of devotion—"I pray God, although the time be short, I may yet have a chance of sending some one of his house before him to warm the sheets somewhat."

"You had best not be over-confident," re-

turned Sanazarro; for he was growing irritated. Little as he loved Orsino, he was a better patron than La Scala; and this he knew well, for he had done work for both in his time. "You had best not be over-confident. There is a talk of miracles in the Palace."

"Truly," returned Bartolomeo, "I am not afraid of Miracles. If God is willing to interfere, so am I. Miracles, Master Sanazarro, are packed now-a-days in the holds of ships for Venice, and come post over the hills at a horseman's girdle. Storms may wreck the ship, and then God help the poor miracle at the bottom of the sea. Aye — and strong men can stop the post."

And so saying, and with another ironical obeisance, Bartolomeo wheeled his party round and went off by the way he had come. He left Sanazarro's head pretty busy; it was plain that La Scala understood the meaning of his own random answer better than he did himself; and as he thought the thing over, it became plain also that the occasion of this expected miracle, whether new medicine or old and holy relic, was on the way that night from Venice, and it was to intercept it that La

Scala scoured the roads at evening with his horsemen. Sanazarro did not love the Duke, as I have said; but neither did he altogether hate him. He was a troubled recollection to him, as of a man sick and captious, but not without moments of graceful complaisance, and instinct with an exquisite sensibility to art, such as the true artist might imagine in a patron whilst he dreamed. So far, the scale lay in favour of Orsino. But there was another consideration as the reader knows, there was more perilous stuff in the cauldron. . .

Sanazarro went back to the Palace in a humour of lowering doubt; and meeting Ippolita's maid on the stair, he wrote a few lines on a tablet and gave it her to take to her mistress. She came to him where he waited, in an anteroom, and gave him her hand simply. His heart was in his mouth, and he dared scarcely trust himself to take the hand she offered. Her eyes told him plainly that she still loved. They stood thus for some seconds, looking on each other sadly. Then Ippolita withdrew her hand.

"Dear friend," she said, "we must be brave and faithful. What would you with me?"

He told her all that he had seen and heard, and what had been his own conclusion.

"You have guessed aright," she said. "There must be treachery in the house, since La Scala knows so much."

"Where there are so many priests, there must be some treason," replied Sanazarro. "Let that rest. Time presses. What is to be done?"

"There are few men in the house," she answered. "Cosmo is gone westward with a great party to divert attention; that was thought more politic than an escort. The Major Domo must go to meet the messenger with as strong a following as he can raise; and as he is a weak man and not wise, you will go with him."

"Death of my body, Signora, you must think me very good!" he cried.

"I know you are very good," she answered simply.

Sanazarro put his hat on, which was of course against all etiquette, and held his hand out to her with a smile. "You are right, good angel," he said. "I shall go; I do not wish

his death, God knows; and he shall have the medicine if I can get it for him."

"It is not medicine," she replied; "it is water from the holy Jordan." Sanazarro laughed outright: he felt more pleasure in the mission after that.

Ippolita put her hand on his shoulder with a caress that went all through him. "Dear friend, pardon me," she said. "You must uncover before I call the Major Domo."

The blood flew into Sanazarro's face, as he obeyed.

"Nay, dear," she said appealingly, "it is not of my will, it is what must be between us. God knows to which of us it is most hard."

"I do not complain," he said (but his voice was not his own voice). "I am a poor artist only, although I come of no mean blood. Your Grace—"

"You are not generous, Sanazarro." And she put her hand to her heart.

Sanazarro's conscience smote him, but before he could command himself enough to speak, she had summoned the Major Domo and their privacy was at an end.

There was such a devil of remorse and irri-

tation in Sanazarro's heart that night, that he could have fought with his born brother. The small body of troopers, led by the Major Domo and himself, met the messenger coming leisurely down the road about the stroke of midnight, some fifteen miles from town. They made him quicken his pace; poor fellow, he could scarce command his horse for terror, for he was noways martial and did not relish the idea of bare swords. About a mile on that side of the town, La Scala fell suddenly upon them in the darkness. The two troops went together at full gallop with a shout. But the Orsini were of the lighter metal, and went down before the others. The old Major Domo was cut to the saddle by Bartolomeo. Sanazarro felt his horse fall, and then a storm of hoofs go over him, — and then no more. The rest of the party was broken up and scattered like chaff; they were pursued far down the road, till they were glad to throw themselves from their horses and take to the brush like hares. Young La Scala, Gian Pietro the beautiful, as people called him for his fair body, dismounted and went about the road on foot, dispatching such of the wounded as still

showed signs of life. One man, whom he detected crawling away toward the roadside, wailed most piteously for quarter. "I have what you want," he cried (for it was the messenger himself); "I can give you the bottle, good gentleman. Spare my life, and you shall have the bottle." Gian Pietro was delighted; he got the bottle first and then passed his sword through the poor messenger's body. The party was called back from the pursuit by the sound of a trumpet, and they returned in great exaltation of spirit towards the town.

Meanwhile Orsino was preparing himself against the miracle of the morning. He had fasted faithfully all that day, and he now sat up talking earnestly with his spiritual director. By the order of his physician, he had just swallowed a little wine. His eyes shone with a singular lustre; the skin of his face was stretched tightly over his prominent cheek-bones and high forehead; there was a drawing round about his lips, moreover, that had the effect from a little distance of a permanent smile, and gave him a crafty treacherous look that was well enough in harmony with his fast career. For the Duke had been a man

of signal wickedness; there was much blood upon his hands; he had been faithless, cruel, dissolute, and rapacious. It was no wonder that he professed himself doubtful of a miracle in his behalf, laying one thin hand, as he spoke, on his director's arm.

"When I look back on my past life," he said, "it seems to me impious, father, and in a manner a sacrilege, to give the water of this blessed river to so vile a sinner. But God reads the heart, father — God knows the inmost thought. And if I desire to be restored, it is that I may undo some of the ill I have wrought. There is my wife. . . . . "I shall make her amends in the future for all she has suffered from me in the past; she shall have one of my castles and a fourth portion of my revenue. She shall keep a court, if she will."

"This is nothing to the purpose, son. You must be a good husband to her."

"I will be a good husband to her," returned the Duke submissively. "And then," he continued, "there is Bartolomeo. I have injured him grievously, and in so doing, I have hurt my own family and wronged the interests of

the town. There must be peace between us."

"There must be peace, my son," echoed the director solemnly.

"There shall be, father," said the Duke decisively. "And then there are the lands I took from the Cafarelli."

"—And the pictures you took from the convent of Santa Felice."

"—And my brother's son whom I have hitherto defrauded."

"—And the heretics whom hitherto you have not persecuted with godly zeal."

"—And the heretics, father; they shall not be tolerated one day longer."

"I suspect Sanazarro," said the director.

"He is an artist," replied the Duke.

"Nevertheless," continued the priest, "my conscience will not be easy until, with your grace's permission, I have examined him a little on the rack."

"Passion of God!" cried the Duke, "he shall finish my tomb first!"

The director held up his hand, and regarded his penitent with a terrible severity of countenance. "My son," he said, "my son, you are beside yourself." The Duke clasped

his hands and asked forgiveness audibly through the intercession of a score of saints and the blessed Virgin. "You shall have the racking of him when you will," he said; "and you may burn him afterwards, if so the Church desires. Fear not, father, I shall do my duty, all carnal affections set aside."

Just about this time (for it was now late, or rather early) a fugitive found his way back from the rout of the Major Domo's expedition, and was brought up with a white face to where the Duchess sat waiting impatiently for news. When she heard what the man had to say, she became as white as he.

"And Sanazarro?" she asked.

"Dead, Signora," said the man. "I was the only one who escaped. They are devils incarnate — they would let none of us away."

"This will be a great pain to the Duke," she said. "His tomb cannot be finished by the same hand." And she laughed a little with rather a terrifying laugh. Then she gave orders that every man in the Palazzo capable of bearing arms, should go forth and bring in the wounded; and no sooner was she

alone, than she fell against the wall and fainted.

Some rumour of this conversation came into the Duke's room and disturbed his repentant ecstasies. The director opened the door by his command, and called out to know if anything were amiss; but as there was no one in the antechamber but the Duchess, and she was already insensible, he concluded their alarm had been vain; and priest and penitent fell once more to their exercises.

"Beyond question," said Orsino, "nothing can fall out but with God's will."

"He holds the earth, my son, in the hollow of his hand—blessed be the name of the Lord." And the priest crossed himself devoutly.

"He will not refuse a repentant sinner?" asked Orsino.

"Not if he repent truly," answered the priest.

"And what are the signs of a true penitence? If it be enough to abhor vehemently all our former sins, and thirst after a renewal of life, not for further occasion of pleasure, but that we may undo the evil we have al-

ready brought about, then am I truly penitent."

"You must do more than that, my son. You must redeem the past by suitable penance."

"Father, I will become a monk and beg my bread from door to door, with a cord about my waist."

"You forget, my son; you are married," objected the priest.

"I will become a monk so soon as my wife dies, then," returned the Duke.

The confessor blew his nose; it was somewhat difficult to know what to say to this amended proposition; so he blew his nose as I say, and took up another subject.

"You must become veritably reconciled to the Lord La Scala."

"Indeed, there is nothing I desire more fervently," replied the Duke. "I would fain leave this town in possession of quiet and plenty. I, who have so often carried war through its streets, I would fain show to all men the example of placability and Christian comeliness of behaviour. I will lead in La Scala by the hand, and ask pardon for all my injuries on my knees in the public market place.

I would be wept by the people when I come to die, and be called 'the good Duke' for years and years thereafter. O father, it changes all a man's fancies, let him but once see death in the face; there is a look in that white countenance that sobers him of all his vanities and notions. I would sooner have a good conscience, as God sees me, than the most beautiful of statues, or the rarest manuscript, or ten strong towns. Father, my penitence is real, is it not? Let us pray that it is."

While they were both praying, there came a knock at the door, and a valet came in with a bottle and a folded letter.

"You will read it for me, father," said Orsino.

The priest glanced his eye over the paper, and then crossed himself. "My son," he said, "the way is paven for your reconciliation. God is willing to spare you, being truly penitent, all needless humbling; and has moved my Lord Bartolomeo to take the first step. For listen how he writes: *'My Lord, certain of my men have overthrown certain of yours this evening, in fair fight. From one of those who fell, they took a bottle, which, upon my*

learning that it contained water from the Jordan for the healing of your disease, I herewith return to its rightful owner. I do not make war upon sick men.' Let us give thanks to God," added the priest.

But Orsino was in no humour to thank God. "Who brought this pasquil, Lippo?" he demanded angrily of the valet.

"My lord, it was my lord Gian Pietro with his own hand," replied the servant.

"Perdition on his head! Over the window with it. Passion of God, do you hear me, priest? Over the window with the thing!"

"My lord, this water from the holy river —"

"Water from the accursed bottom of Hell!"

"My lord Duke!" expostulated the priest.

"My lord Devily!" retorted Orsino. "Give the flask to me."

"Nay, my lord, not so: it is an holy relic."

"An holy relic of Saint-Gian-Pietro! I will lay my living soul, it is five parts poison."

"My lord, you wrong yourself in judging so hardly of others. I will drink one half of it gladly, to set your evil phantasy at rest. Is

this all your penitence? It seems somewhat short of breath."

Orsino was smitten with remorse at these words, and fell industriously to praying and beating his bosom; and as in the course of these improving exercises, he came somewhat to himself, he was astonished to find that, in the heat of his passion, he had turned round in bed and was now sitting with his feet hanging over the edge and his back unsupported. For near a month, he had been too much paralysed to make so great a movement.

"Good father," he cried — he had fallen back again into his whining vein — "Good father, how can this be? I have moved myself in bed — I am half out of it. Christ be merciful to me a sinner! — What should this portend? For the love of God, father, lift me back into my place."

"It is a sign to you, my son," said the confessor, "what you may hope through the blessed instrumentality of this water. If even its presence in the room with you, has had this potently restorative influence, what may you not hope when you partake of it, fasting from bread and with a clean conscience!"

"I should desire, nevertheless," said the Duke, leaning back again in his former attitude, and closing his eyes with a look of luxurious wiliness, not unlike a cat's, "I should desire, nevertheless, that you should do as you suggested, and drink the half of it this evening. My life is precious; I have a duty to the world, were it only to right the wrongs that I have done. I could then drink the other half, with a clear conscience as you say, tomorrow."

The ecclesiastic uncorked the bottle and poured the half of it into a glass.

"Nay, nay," said Orsino, "put that back again a moment and shake it up. The poison might be precipitated to the bottom," he added knowingly.

The priest did as he was told, and drank off the water without fear. He made a wry face. "It is bitter indeed in the mouth," he said; "but after it is down, sweeter than honey."

Orsino watched him sharply for a moment or so, and then gave a sigh of relief. At least it was not immediately fatal. "And now, father, I shall go to sleep," he said: "We are never more sinless than when we slumber.

You will watch and pray for me in the oratory there. And keep the curtain looped — I would not willingly feel myself alone, when I awake."

Sanazarro had made a rare escape. He was stunned and badly bruised, but had not a bone broken in his whole body; and the surgeon who examined him did not know whether to marvel more at the slightness of the injuries, considering how they had been got, or at the easy way in which the sculptor bore them, as grave as they were. But Sanazarro's body was of iron; the man who did such great work when he was in his seventh decade was not likely to fever or sicken of a few bruises at six and twenty. You may imagine how glad Ippolita was to hear this news, and how earnestly she longed to visit Sanazarro's bedside. Two or three more wounded had been found still alive; and she went to the bed-side of each of these and sat a little and gave them cordials and good words. She was very glad, as she drew near Sanazarro's chamber door, that she had ever made it her habit to go

about freely amongst those who had been wounded in her husband's service. It had been heretofore an irksome and distasteful duty with her; but now virtue was recompensed, and she could go to Sanazarro without fear of scandal. He turned round in bed and began to ask pardon eagerly for his cruel behaviour of the night before; but she stopped him at once, telling him not to spoil their few quiet moments by such inharmonious recollections, and sitting down beside him, took his hand in one of hers and began to stroke it with the other. Tears began to gather in the sculptor's eyes and follow each other down his cheeks.

"Why do you weep?" she asked.

"Do not think I am unhappy, my soul," he answered.

She stooped over and kissed his forehead as he lay. "That is for your virtue of last night," she said, with a smile; "that is because you risked your life to save Orsino's." And she sat beside him holding his hand in silence, until they heard her woman coming with a cordial for which she had been sent; then Ippolita stood up and began to question him

about the skirmish, as she might have questioned any other of those who had escaped.

All that day, Orsino narrowly scrutinised the countenance of his confessor, and, as evening drew on and there was still no sign of any ill effect, began to prepare himself for the reception of the miraculous water. His physician had judged it best that it should be taken at night along with a powerful opiate, and that Orsino should not try to move until after he had slept off the one and given the other time to visit all parts of his body with its healing influence; and though the confessor had objected to this, as it was a sort of practical infidelity in God's miraculous power, and an error in reasoning, besides, so to judge of a remedy that was purely supernatural as if it were a natural drug; still Orsino, out of a desire to make assurance doubly sure, had determined to combine the practical wisdom of the leech with the sanctity of the water. As the moment drew near, he grew more and more solicitous as to his spiritual disposition. He and the confessor were never weary of comparing notes, as to the exact degree of faith necessary in the recipient of miraculous grace,

and the exact degree to which this signal penitent had yet attained. Thus, the hours passed, in prayer, in doctrinal-disquisition, and in the preparation and signature of papers about property, of which the Duke had wrongfully possessed himself, and which he now promised to restore, if the miracle fell out according to expectation. There was but one difference between the pair. The ecclesiastic tried to convince Orsino that he should restore the property at once, in token of his zealous purpose to amend and make the future abundantly redeem the past. But the Duke would not hear of this; there must be a *quid pro quo* in the transaction, he averred; he would only humiliate himself before the world and become the mark of men's pointing fingers, he explained, if he restored all that he had won through a rough, arduous life, and the miracle were not forthcoming in the end. And so the priest desisted with a sigh, lest he should lose what he had already gained by trying for too much more.

By ten o'clock, all the retainers were at prayer in the unfinished chapel of the palace; the townspeople were summoned by the great

bell to the cathedral; each man carried a taper and went bare-foot; there was much outward solemnity and devotion, although when whisperers got together in the crowd, you might have heard a good deal of incredulous wit about the miracle, and Saint-Orsino (as they took to calling him), and the Jordan water. The Duke confessed himself, received plenary absolution and partook of the sacrament, with so much enthusiasm and his fancy running so high at the moment, that if you were to believe himself, a miracle had already been wrought in his behalf. Then he drank off the remainder of the blessed water, the doctor administered the opiate, the lights were shaded, the priest fell to silent prayer in the oratory, and the penitent was soon asleep in hope of a miraculous restoration on the morrow.

At an early hour, as the priest was still muttering prayers with a somewhat sleepy fervency, he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and beheld Orsino standing by him in a bed gown, his face lit up with joy as by sunlight. He had raised himself and walked thither, without help. Both knelt a while before the altar and returned thanks. Then the physi-

cian was summoned, and the Duchess and all the retainers and servants of the palace. The bell of the chapel passed the signal to the great bell of the Cathedral. The news flew from mouth to mouth, from house to house, from street to street. Those who were devout, went and prostrated themselves in the churches. Those who were loyal or politic, hung their houses with rich carpets and cast flowers upon the pavement. Those who were simply indifferent went, nevertheless, and drank wine at the public fountain. Those who were incredulous shook their heads and winked and made epigrams. But none among all who were astonished, were astonished so much as Bartolomeo della Scala and his son, the beautiful Gian Pietro, who had carefully emptied the bottle and filled it again with putrid water from the town moat. . .

Nearly a month went by without much accident. Sanazarro worked on doggedly at the tomb. Orsino continued to mend and gather strength; and as he mended, he was ever less with the priest and more with his

uncle Cosmo. I could never hear that any but the most inconsiderable property was restored; but what was done in this way, was done with all the ostentation in the world. At last, came the day for the public thanksgiving. Standing before the great door of the cathedral, Orsino confessed with a loud voice his sins against God and the townspeople, and vowed a different life in the future. He vowed also to lead back Bartolomeo by the hand, into the town from which he had wrongfully expelled him years before. The country should be no more wasted by this insensate feud. Peace, plenty and equal rule, in as far as it lay in his hands and in as far as God should help him — this was what he promised to his subjects on that great occasion.

And there the thing rested. Many golden words, some reforms in detail, a milder and perhaps a more equitable executive in all the states, and no more. It is true that there were continual preparations being made for the reception of Bartolomeo; it is true that a day had been fixed on which the Duke was to go to visit him in sackcloth and ask pardon for his misdeeds; and true also that Bartolomeo

had agreed to be entertained on the night following at Orsino's palace. But the poor confessor was not satisfied; he began to guess shrewdly that all his sleepless nights had been somewhat thrown away; that Orsino's health had been restored, but not his heart renovated. One day, he lost patience and broke out.

"My lord," he said, "you were raised some time ago by a miracle from the bed of death. Tempt not the living God, lest He cut you off as suddenly and strangely as He raised you up."

The Duke pressed down the tip of his nose with his forefinger and puffed out his cheeks; his face became the very picture of humourous incredulity.

"Why, as to miracle," he said, "as to miracle, father, let us not insist too far. It has a good sound; I would have the people continue to speak of it; I will even strike a medal and found a chapel in its commemoration. But on a little thought, dear father, *you may remember that I could move the night before the miracle.*"

The priest thereupon went away, and I think he had some matter for reflexion as he went.

This was a very sad end for so glorious a story, was it not?

This little bit of conversation may be dated, I believe, the day before Orsino's visit to Della Scala's castle. If so, it would be on the next forenoon that Sanazarro threw open his workshop for inspection; for the sculptor was very absolute, and played Michael-Angelo on a small scale in the palace: it was not every day of the week that an eager patron was allowed to mark the progress of his statues, as they grew towards shape and significance. And so when Orsino heard the good news, he did not hesitate to put off the period of his departure by some hours, and go immediately to the studio with his wife, his uncle, bandy-legged Cosmo, and a due following of gentlemen. The Duke, as I have said, had a refined and passionate appreciation of good art; and, as the sculptor had surpassed himself in the design and, so far as it was finished, in the execution, his ecstasy was so natural and uncontrolled that both Sanazarro and the Duchess blushed for pride and pleasure. Suddenly, as he was going from one part to another, full of graceful praise, fine appreciation, and

valuable criticism, he stayed for a moment before one of the larger figures.

"This is the Duchess," said he; and he looked sharply at the pair. Sanazarro preserved an imperturbable countenance, but Ippolita was plainly discomposed under his eyes. The Duke put his arm through the sculptor's in the most friendly manner: "This is a very graceful compliment, Signor," he said. "In the Duchess's name and in my own, I offer you all thanks. And now be so good as to tell me what fable, what allegory, what general conception, binds your design together; for I own I can scarcely understand the position of this admirable portrait-statue."

"Indeed, my lord," replied Sanazarro, "your lordship understands art too well to force upon me so unfair a trial. Doubtless, when I designed the tomb, I had some such allegory as you desire before me; but my lord, I have described it in these figures, and cannot otherwise describe it without falling short or going too far. You will not ask me to caricature my own work, my lord."

It is characteristic of Orsino, although he had put the question with an ulterior purpose,

that this argument closed his mouth. He agreed cordially with Sanazarro, and continued aloud to criticise and compliment the statues, while he was silently turning over a very different question in his mind. "Plainly there is an understanding between them," he thought. "If I could but foster this, I might be rid of her with a good conscience, marry Isotta, and so save my soul alive;" for he had always one eye on eternity, even in his most criminal moments. At last it was time for him to trick himself out for the penitential visit to Bartolomeo. "Signor Sanazarro," he said, "I recommend my Duchess to your attentions. Ippolita, you have not tended enough upon our guest. Give him your hand into the garden."

No sooner were these two alone in an open part of the garden, where no eavesdropper could come near them, than Sanazarro asked what this should signify.

"Nay," she answered, "something evil. I had thought that if God raised him up by this wonder, he would have given him a new spirit. But it is not so. He has been already to visit that bad woman."

"Isotta!" ejaculated Sanazarro.

The Duchess bowed. "I do not think," she continued, "that I shall abide here many days longer. I have done my utmost to forgive and better this man, and I will not stay to be degraded uselessly. It is well that we should not tempt Heaven either, my dear friend."

"But you will tell me whither you go?" he asked.

"Not so. We are weak creatures all. And remember this, that I have bright blood in my veins that does not fear death, but cannot bear dishonour. God keep us all from sin," she added, crossing herself. "Even now there are eyes upon us, I do not doubt. We must separate, my friend. Make the tomb worthy of your genius. I doubt not, we shall meet again in God's justice, when we may dare to be happy."

"This is not farewell?" he said.

"Fear not," she answered. "I shall see you ere I go."

The day went heavily for Sanazarro. He returned to the studio and sought to work, but it would not come from his hands; his head was full of fancies, but the power of execution

had deserted him; so he gave up the attempt and went out into the garden, driven by a dull restlessness. He found there a young man, a hired sword of Orsino's,—handsome, brave and utterly wicked, who had formed a sort of intimacy with the sculptor for the love of his statues, and was just then somewhat touched in the head with wine.

"Have you your poniard sharp, Sanazarro?" he asked, coming up with an extravagant gesture.

"Do you mean my chisel?" said the sculptor. "I am going but now to the wheel with it; though indeed, I fancy it was the hand that was heavy and not the poor instrument that was blunt." And he drew a chisel from a pouch at his girdle.

The young man damned all double meanings heartily. "Your poniard, man," he reiterated,—"your dagger—your little tickle-the-heart. Great death, Sanazarro, have you not heard the news?" And he steadied himself by the full of the sculptor's sleeve. "Do you not know the ball's on for tomorrow night? God's malison, are you not ready to make an end of them?"

Sanazarro was stricken by a great doubt suddenly; he led on the drunken mercenary, until he learned from him, that the next night's festival was meant only as a snare for Bartolomeo and his son; that, at an hour not yet decided, they should be slain while they slept, with a great uproar, and the rumor spread among the townsfolk that they had attempted their host's life by treachery, and justly fallen in the attempt. So soon as it was possible, he disengaged himself from his informant, and got away into an alley alone. The sun was down already, but the upper windows of the palace were all encrimsoned, and the bartizans and turrettops and chimneys stood out against the veiled sky, as it were the colour of blood. Sanazarro put his hand before his eyes: Bartolomeo had been among his earliest patrons, and the blood upon that long line of pinnacles and windows was to him as the blood of his patron. He was not chary of life; but a horror rose up in his throat, like sickness, against the demon who had gone forth some hours ago upon his treacherous mission. As his thoughts began to collect themselves, however, he overcame this physical oppression of

disgust, and became once more cool and provident. He hurried to the gate nearest the palace, where he was well known to the warder and had been let out and in already at forbidden hours, and arranged that, on the morrow, the gate should be open, whatever inconsistent consign should be given forth, on the payment of a small sum and the repetition of a certain watchword. While he was still chaffering there, the noise of a trumpet told him of the Duke's return. He hurried back to the palace. The confessor was the only person in whom he dared confide; and the confessor he hoped to find for a moment, ere the feast began.

But Orsino, during his penitential ride, had found time for reflexion, and come to think differently of any intimacy between the sculptor and his wife. Somehow or other, he had succeeded in making himself jealous; and the first thing he had done, on his return, was to issue an order for the arrest of Sanazarro. At the same time, as he was not quite certain whether he might not go back again to his former scheme, and perhaps was a little ashamed of the proceeding, this arrest was to

be kept secret; the sculptor was to be reported on a visit to the marble quarries, and meanwhile was to be used with no needless indignity.

The captain of halberdiers charged with this duty, met Sanazarro as he went hither and thither seeking the confessor, and requested a few words with him in private. The sculptor, thinking no ill, followed down a corridor, until he found himself surrounded by several men, and was bidden give up his sword. Resistance was impossible. He freed his rapier and surrendered it to the officer. He was led down a stair and along several passages, and then a door was opened, he was pushed into a cell, and heard the door locked behind him.

At supper that evening, the Duke drank several glasses of a strong wine — too strong, as the result proved, for his head which was not yet very well assured. He grew flushed and voluble and fierce; he taunted his wife to her face about Sanazarro's statue; it was plain enough, he said, that the sculptor had seen his

model through rose-coloured glasses. "If you had been as beautiful as your minion makes you, we should have been faster friends, Signora;" and he began to compare her disparagingly — and in a grumbling but still quite audible undertone — with the more luxuriant Isotta. Some of his worthless adherents tittered approvingly; and bandy-legged Cosmo leaned over and cracked a joke of his own in Orsino's ear, which set the Duke and two or three near him into open and insulting laughter. Ippolita had to bear herself with as good a grace as she could, meanwhile, and keep a composed demeanor under all these eyes.

The next morning early she presented herself before the Duke with a severe reverence, and requested his permission to go once again into the seclusion of a religious house; he was now reëstablished in health, and she could be of no farther use to him in the capacity of nurse; in no other, she feared, was she fit to adorn his court. The Duke laughed heartily; he was glad that she should take some revenge upon him for his last night's behaviour, with which (to say truth) he had not been al-

together satisfied on cool reflexion; he was glad that she should speak with irony, for it seemed to put them on a level. Nor was he much grieved at her request; in his better moments, he had just enough respect for his wife to find her presence a restraint on his free action; and besides, in his new whim of jealousy, he was pleased that she should be separated from Sanazarro.

"My permission!" he said, repeating her words. "Nay, it is all the other way. Do me justice, Signora. I asked you very humbly to come to me when I was sick; now that I am well, I am afraid I must prepare myself to lose you. Whenever you cease to pity me, I understand very well that you begin to despise." And he made her a fine bow.

"My lord," she said, "I wish I could tell you otherwise. But for this grace of yours in letting me go, I thank you from the heart."

"Stay, though, stay," interrupted Orsino. "I cannot let you go before tomorrow. I desire your presence at the feast tonight. It would be but a lame ceremony, if my Duchess were absent, when I eat and drink in reconciliation with my old enemy."

"I shall never more eat at your board of my own free will. If you compel me, I fear my presence will not add to your mirth. I warn you I shall not care to dissemble my true feelings."

"Then, Signora," the Duke answered with a laugh, "we were as well without you, as you say. Do this for me at least, and if you go this morning, cover your face with a thick veil, and speak to no one. In an hour's time, the escort shall await you at the postern; and I warn you it will be slender — we require all our men for tonight's pageantry." And kissing her hand in a very gallant and airy manner, the Duke led her to the door.

As soon as she was gone, Cosmo stepped forth from the oratory where he had been concealed throughout the interview. "You should have made her stay," he said. "Your wife gone, the half of your penitential credit goes with her. Bartolomeo will be ready to suspect the very walls."

"Not so," replied Orsino. "The Duchess is indisposed this evening; she has fatigued herself nursing me during my sickness; to-

morrow, she will be better. The tale goes like a glove."

Just then Lippo entered the room; and Orsino whispered a few phrases in his ear, of which Cosmo caught no more than the word "Isotta." The man went to the door, and then returned and whispered back again, as though he were not sure of having rightly comprehended. "No, no," said the Duke, with a stamp. "Where are your seven wits? In the Belvedere." The valet nodded and withdrew; and his master remained for some seconds in thought, and in thought that was seemingly disagreeable to him, for his brows were gathered together darkly, and his underlip was drawn in, as in a timorous uncertainty. "God have mercy upon me," he said, at last, "this is like the mad wicked old days before my chastisement."

"Not dissimilar truly," returned Cosmo.

"I fear I am a great backslider," said the Duke; and he fell actively to his beads.

The older man put his hand on the other's shoulder, and shook him: "Leave me these playthings alone," he said. "You may go

back to your prayers tomorrow; but today is the day for business."

Orsino hesitated, and looked from his chaplet to the severe visage of his uncle, and back again from Cosmo to the beads. "I wish I knew whether or not it was a miracle," he said with a sigh. And then the two fell to their preparations in all seriousness.

Ippolita was astonished to hear of Sanazarro's departure, the night before, to the marble quarries; she was even a little offended that he should thus have gone without a word. But she had no time for reflexion: before the hour was out, she and her maid, both closely veiled, were hurried through the postern and, with an escort of three horsemen, took the road that leads north-eastward into the hills.

The sculptor awoke late on the morning of the fatal day. The cell was full of sunshine already. As he had not been searched, he still had his chisel in his pouch, and a brief examination of the door showed him that he could free himself by the labour of half an

hour; but as the corridor sounded all day long with the passage of many feet, he judged it wiser to wait until the feast began, when the whole household would be concentrated about the kitchen and the hall, and there would be few to come and go about this remote wing. The time passed heavily, and he had many grave anxieties to torment him. If he had been arrested because the Duke was jealous, might not the same fate have befallen Ippolita? Even if she were free, he feared some mischance in the confusion of the massacre. He was eaten up with impatience, and paced his prison as a wild beast paces its cage. From without he could hear carpenters hammering at the great platform on which the Duke's private actors were to represent an allegorical play, written by the Duke's private poet. As the day drew on, this noise dropped off, hammer by hammer, until it had entirely ceased: the stage was ready. Soon after, there was a long flourish of drums and trumpets in the distance; at the same moment all the bells of the town fell a-ringing; and Sanazarro knew that Orsino and his guest had entered the gate amid a mighty acclamation of the mob. The

shouting drew nearer; until at last it halted just outside the palace, and there redoubled and grew more confused: the company were taking their places for the spectacle. Then the trumpets sounded once more, the roar of the mob settled down with a growl into silence, only disturbed, for the space of an hour, by the thin tones of the actors declaiming inaudible verses, by a little half-suppressed applause now and then from the audience, and now and then a roll on the drums or a blast upon the trumpets to accentuate some important moment of the action. The piece came to an end amid general satisfaction; the mob dispersed slowly as the sun went down; and Sanazarro was left to count time by the bell until the feast should begin.

The beginning of the feast was marked by a sudden outburst of music in the palace: the Duke's orchestra was playing an induction. And now doubtless traitors and betrayed were dipping together in the same salt-dish, bowing and smiling one to another and drinking solemnly to peace and friendship in the future. Sanazarro set to work upon the lock with his chisel. It was an easier matter even than he

had supposed; for the stone was planed already and fell away in so large a lump that the fragment served him thenceforward as chisel. The bolt was soon laid bare, the door opened inwards without resistance, and the sculptor was free. He hastily visited the doors of the other cells, beat upon them and called upon the inmates to say who they were. From some there came no answer but the hollow reverberation of his own blows; from others different voices replied to him, some mockingly, some evidently excited to a brief hope of liberation; but nowhere the voice of Ippolita. Sanazarro passed his hand over his brow; he was certain that Orsino would not cast her into a dungeon; certain, therefore, that she was free.

As he had supposed, this wing of the palace was silent and deserted; but as he drew near to the great hall the noise of steps, the clatter of dishes, the gay inarticulate babble of many voices came, as it were, to meet him. At last he saw light at the end of the dark corridor he followed; and in the light, many servants going hurriedly to and fro between the feast and the kitchen. He did not know, of course,

that his emprisonment had been kept a secret, and would willingly have avoided curious eyes; but he had no choice; to reach his own chamber it was necessary to put on a bold face and go through the thick of the bustle and by the doors of the very room in which the carouse went noisily forward. He held his breath as he did so; but no one sought to stay him; no one — so great was the hurry — found time so much as to look him between the eyes; and he could tell himself, when he had finished this perilous traject and got upstairs between the lines of flaring torches, that he had escaped recognition by any. The torches went no higher than the first double flight of stairs (a sure sign that all the great guests had their billets on the first floor), and Sanazarro was hurrying on yet higher, in the sort of scanty twilight of a few candles posted here and there at wide intervals along the walls, when he almost fell over a couple of the Duke's valets coming down a side passage. He fell back with an incontrollable impulse for self-defence, and drew the chisel — the only weapon left to him. But the two men saluted him quite respectfully, wished the Signor San-

azarro a good evening, and passed on, judging him probably in his cups. Without further accident he reached his own apartment, and having provided himself with his favourite sword and dagger, and all his money and jewels, returned again to the first landing of the stair. Here, behind some hangings and at a place whence he could see out through the division of two widths, he concealed himself and waited till the company should retire. Possibly, even as they passed, he might find the opportunity to let slip a word of caution. . .

His heart beat very fast, you may imagine, as the hours went on. The uproar in the hall dwindled not, but rather increased; and there were songs, from time to time, and pieces of music by the orchestra. At last, towards midnight, he heard the sound of feet and voices near at hand. An officer, flushed with drink, and very gay, proceeded to line the stair and the passage with alternate halberdiers and men carrying flambeaux. All the men had been drinking, as well as the officer; and there was a great deal of laughing among them, and many jests that were plain enough to Sanazarro, though they might not have been very

comprehensible to anyone unacquainted with the intended treachery. A brawny halberdier was posted just in front of him, so that he scarcely dared to breathe; and the next few minutes went very irksomely with the poor sculptor, cramped up behind the hangings. He had not long, however, of such penance. The orchestra began an energetic finale; there was a good deal of faint cheering; the halberdiers and flambeaux-bearers pulled themselves together and were silent. Then Sanazarro saw, over the shoulder of the man in front of him, a princely party coming up the wide staircase between the lines of attendants. Orsino came first, leading Bartolomeo by the hand; and then Cosmo holding the hand of Gian Pietro; and behind them a goodly company of pages and officers and petty nobles, attached to either family. All seemed the worse of drink, at the first glance; but, as they continued to pass before him, a disquieting suspicion forced itself into the sculptor's mind and grew ever more and more certain. It seemed to him that all, whether hosts or guests, whether followers of Orsino or Bartolomeo, were making much of their intoxication, were

not really so drunken as they would give themselves out for. He seemed to detect sober glances passing from one to another, and a fold of gravity on the most exalted looking countenance. The foot tripped, and the tongue spoke foolishly; but, in more instances than one, Sanazarro would have laid a long wager that the mind was not much perturbed.

As this procession went by him and disappeared down the long corridor, the music died away in the hall below; and the men on the stair shouldered their halberts, extinguished their torches and trooped off laughing to the guard room. Sanazarro was just about to separate the hangings and come forth, when he heard voices and steps returning, and Orsino and his uncle went past again in close conversation, and stopped, not ten feet from his hiding-place, at the top of the stair.

"No," said Cosmo, "nothing, I grant. To a desire."

"And you saw, too," returned the Duke, evidently continuing some train of argument, "they made no difficulty about Ippolita's absence. They believed she was still in the palace."

"I imagine they did."

"Well then, I was right to let her go quietly, was I not? It is easier to tell a falsehood than to pacify a discontented woman."

"Like enough," replied the uncle, "like enough;" and he descended the stair, while Orsino turned and went warily back by the way he had come.

Sanazarro's mind was set at rest about the Duchess; she was safe out of the palace, it was plain, and he had a shrewd guess he should find her, whenever he wanted, at the old nunnery among the hills; so he had his mind free for the immediate interests of the night. He came out of his concealment, and tried to imagine where Bartolomeo would most probably be set to sleep. After passing under review all the apartments of the first floor, he pitched upon one as the most probable — he could hardly have told why — and, without knowing very distinctly what he wished to do, set off stealthily along the corridor towards it. He was burthened by a dreadful sense of insecurity; he knew that behind these shut doors there were no sleepers, but men waiting for a signal, with bright eyes and their swords across

their knees; at any moment the storm might burst; it seemed as if the floor was alive and quaked under his steps. Suddenly, he stood still. A cold sweat burst out over his body. Yes, he was right; there was a footfall in the corridor besides his own, a stealthy treacherous footfall drawing near to meet him. He stepped back into the shadow of a doorway and waited, with his hand on his dagger. It was a poor shelter; but there was none other within reach, and the new-comer (whoever he was) might turn the corner at any moment. Nor had the sculptor long to wait. Orsino himself, on tiptoes, with hands held up to balance him, and eyes fixed wakefully on the empty air, as he gave up his whole spirit to the task of walking without noise — Orsino, in a hat and cloak, brushed close by him and was gone upon the instant. Where could he be going? What black business had he on hand? It was plainly secret, even from Cosmo. For a moment the sculptor stood bewildered; then he made up his mind and stole after the Duke.

It was easy enough to follow unobserved along the corridor. But the stair gave a great advantage to the chase; and when the pursuer

gained the groundfloor, he whom he was pursuing had disappeared. Many passages branched off from the foot of the stair — it was not the great stair, but a private flight in the west wing; and as there was no reason for choosing any one instead of another, Sanazarro paused, irresolute. As he was thus standing, he heard the creak of a hinge, and a little puff of fresh night air from the garden blew upon his face and made the lights wink and the shadows bestir themselves along the dim galleries. This was indication sufficient, and next moment the artist had opened the private door and stood, almost dazzled, on the threshold. The orange tufts and paved alleys of the garden were displayed in strange detail and relief by a flood of vivid moonlight; the very shadows looked solid, and one would have feared to walk upon them if they had not moved with the wind. Down the centre alley, Sanazarro saw the cloaked figure of the Duke moving away swiftly, like a blot upon the intense white light. A turbulent crowd of recollections surged into his brain and disappeared again. This centre alley led to the Belvedere; the Duke had renewed his rela-

tions with Isotta; probably the massacre was not to begin until some dead hour of the morning; and my lord would grow weary if he sat in his own room to wait the fatal signal. Such levity on an occasion of so much tragic import would have been incredible on the part of most men; but it was by no means inconsistent with the known character of Orsino. These were, in fact, the sort of incongruities that had an attraction like that of a precipice for his disordered fancy. And he was never content unless he were strongly moved, whether by passion or religion, or the uncertain issue of some piece of perilous or desperate policy. This avidity for violent sensations was with him a mode of cowardice that often stood in the stead, and played the part of bravery. All this passed through Sanazarro's brain in the least interval of time. Whether or not he was right in his conclusion, he could not doubt the importance of the opportunity now afforded him. Orsino slain, a death blow would be dealt to the whole plan of massacre; just when it was ripe, it would be troubled and diverted; and while the traitors were looking for their absent leader, the betrayed might have the

more time to escape or to fortify their position. He did not hesitate. Loosening his rapier in the sheath, he followed the faster after his quarry.

The Duke was perhaps half way between the palace and the Belvedere, when the sound of Sanazarro's footsteps reached his ears. He started and turned round. The sculptor did not trust himself to articulate any word, lest his voice should be recognised as that of one not privy to the night's undertaking; but he waved his arm significantly and gave vent to a long "hist!" Orsino stopped and waited, apparently not without great anxiety; for he moved uneasily, put his hand twice to his sword and at last, when the sculptor was already close to him, drew it suddenly and fell on guard. Sanazarro followed his example, and the blades met. "Aha! my sculptor!" cried the Duke; and he laughed cruelly. He knew himself to be a fine swordsman, but forgot, in his excitement, how long he had been out of practice and how much weakness had been left upon him by his recent sickness. The fight endured, perhaps, a minute and a half. Then Sanazarro's blade passed through the

Duke's sword arm; and the latter, throwing away his weapon, falling on the ground and putting up his hands as if to shield himself, cried out in a terrible shrill voice that he was not fit to die. But the sculptor did not stop to listen to him, and drove his rapier three times through the Duke's body till the point rang upon the pavement. Then he stopped and put his hand to his heart. Even in recollection, the tones in which the miserable devil had cried out for mercy, chilled and horrified him. He had killed men before, but never any who had not met death courageously.

And as he thus stood, he became gradually conscious that there had been other noises in his ear whilst he fought, besides the ring of the blades, the grinding of teeth and the quickened measure of his own arteries. There was a great uproar in the palace, that grew greater moment by moment; and as he turned in bewilderment he saw light flickering up uncertainly behind the windows, like a fire that the wind blows upon, as though men bearing torches were being thrust hither and thither in a desperate affray. As he turned, also, he became aware of sounds yet more distant.

From these sounds, the lower part of the town should be full of horsemen galloping. There came a volley of firearms, and then random shots dropping off here and there along the streets, as though some body of musketeers had been dispersed, and the fugitives stopped ever and again as they ran, to fire another shot on their pursuers. The great bell of the cathedral began suddenly to ring out a tocsin, and ceased as suddenly; the rope had been cut, or the ringer slain.

Sanazarro began dimly to comprehend; the treason had been double, although fixed for different hours; the town had been carried by a surprise; La Scala was master and the Orsini, outwitted and outnumbered, were selling their lives dearly on the scene of their intended crime. There was one course only before him; and that was to make good his own escape. The stables of the palace were not far distant; and as the sentinels had already taken the alarm and fled, there was no one to prevent him from helping himself to a strong steed, out of many that stood ready caparisoned for the enterprise of the night. At the gate, also, all went well for him. The warder was wait-

ing on the threshhold of his lodge, only anxious to know the cause of all this to-do at the palace, and what, under the circumstances, would be the wisest course for a poor gatekeeper to adopt. "Leave the gate open, and get into the nearest thicket for your life!" Sanazarro shouted to him, as he galloped off along the road that leads north-eastward into the hills.

At the top of the first rising ground, he drew bridle and looked back. A tongue of flame played out of one of the upper windows of the palace. "My poor statues!" he thought to himself, and he had half a mind, for a moment, to go back and seek to rescue them. But a statue, after all, is only a statue, and a mistress is a mistress; and Sanazarro had a sense of power in him yet unexhausted, and felt sure that his brain would conceive, and his hands execute, statues still more beautiful than these. Let the dead past bury its dead; and let him go forward to his better inspiration through the night.

Just about dawn, he met three horsemen face to face upon the road; and one of these stopped and made him a salute. The Duchess,

he said, had given him this letter for the hands of Master Sanazarro privately. The sculptor took it, and glanced it over: it told how she had been obliged to leave without seeing him, how he might rest satisfied of her love and preference over all men, and how, for her sake, he should not seek to learn where she had found a refuge. He asked the messenger where he had left the Duchess; but [the] man only laughed and said he could keep his own counsel as well as the lady could keep hers. Sanazarro bit his lip, and the blood came into his face; he felt a truly masculine sense of shame — that he should have let out to these hired knaves how little he was in his lady's confidence. So he saluted them, told them somewhat bitterly of what reception they were like to meet with at the town, and rode on again, without so much as offering them wherewithal to drink his health, and pursued for many a mile by an abiding sense of disgrace.

He still believed that Ippolita would return to the old convent in the hills, where they had first met; but he had now become gloomy and dogged; certain expressions in the letter

seemed scarcely compatible with so obvious a retreat. And in his doubt and irritation, he spurred the poor horse so unmercifully that, some time before noon and about a league below the convent, he was fain to leave it behind him at a little wayside hostel, and make the best of his way forward on foot. The early spring of that favoured country was already well advanced; and the sun grew so powerful that he had to desert the highroad and take to a steep path through a piece of woodland.

Insensibly, as he followed this pleasant way, his irritation was calmed, and a good spirit grew upon him whether he would or not. A little wind blew, now and then among the foliage, and stirred the lights and shadows over the new-fledged grass. And even when the air was still, there was a sentiment of life in the mere distribution of the light and darkness, as here and there a single ray shot vividly through some opening in the texture of the wood, or a whole sheaf of them plunged down at once and made a little lit space in the shadow. From time to time, also, he was visited by wandering perfumes, sometimes by the faint odour of violet beds, and sometimes by

the strong smell of the sunshine among firs. He felt the springtime through to his bones; and though he sought (as a man will, when he is in love) to exaggerate his evils and keep himself in a true martyr's humour, for the very life of him he could not withhold his lips from smiling, or keep his step from growing lighter as he went. At length he beheld some way before him, on the left hand, a little grey stone chapel, not much more considerable than a country wine cooler, shut with iron gates and approached by three steps, all grown over with a glory of red anemones. The iron gates were open; and just as he first set his eyes on them, they were opened something farther, and the figure of a woman came forth into the broken sunlight of the grove. It was Ippolita. His heart stood still for joy. He saw a great start go through her, and then she moved no more, but waited for him quietly upon the lowest step of the three that led up into the little chapel.

APPENDIX

The text of *When the Devil was Well* has been given in the preceding pages, precisely in the state in which the author seems to have intended to leave it, with the exception of a few obvious corrections and one phrase which it is assumed Stevenson would have dropped at a reviser's suggestion. All changes which he appears to have made in the process of composition are entered here, with practically no exceptions, and are distinguished by the initials R. L. S. The comments and suggestions made by the several revisers of the manuscript are also entered, and the initials T. S. are appended to such as seem to be in the hand of Thomas Stevenson. How many of these annotations produced an effect upon the text as Stevenson left it, is probably not to be determined with any accuracy. Had he printed the story without copying it, he might have re-

tained many changes suggested by others which it has not seemed proper to incorporate in the present text.

Page 19, line 1.—*When,*—T. S. suggested *When the wicked.* He also wished to have *Duke Orsino* changed throughout to *Count Orso.* For *finally,* T. S. suggested *fairly.*

Page 19, line 2.—*Ippolita,*—R. L. S. originally continued (*it would be hard to say whether it was out of fear for her family, or from one of those occasional returns of a better spirit that now and then surprised him*), *he made no difficulty.* This was all struck out, as was also another *he made,* after which the text proceeded as printed.

Page 19, line 4.—*The palace,*—R. L. S. first wrote *his* for *the.*

Page 19, line 5.—*to,*—R. L. S. first wrote *of.* *nunnery,*—T. S. suggested *convent,* and repeated the suggestion elsewhere.

Page 19, line 7.—*good,*—T. S. suggested *gentle.*

Page 19, line 9.—*years; and day,*—T. S. suggested *years; day,* and commented, "all this is rather too long in the saying."

Page 19, line 12.— *seemed,*—R. L. S. first wrote *seemed even.*

Page 19, line 13.— *din,*—R. L. S. first wrote *turmoil. all,*—R. L. S. first wrote *and all.*

Page 19, line 14.—*dim . . . earth,*—T. S., who must have recognized his son's acquaintance with the opening of Milton's "Comus," underlined and commented, "din and passion of earth is plenty."

Page 19, line 16.— *if life,*—R. L. S. first wrote *if it.*

Page 20, line 3.— *or the,*—R. L. S. first wrote *and.*

Page 20, line 4.— *Court life,*—R. L. S. first wrote *worldly life.* He may possibly have started to write *courtier* for *court.* T. S., commenting on *poor . . . . poor,* wrote, "There was nothing *poor* about court life in *Italy,*" and suggested that the passage be made to read *without being made the witness of crimes and treasons and cruelties.*

Page 20, line 5.— *even the,*—T. S. struck out.

Page 20, line 7.— *overthrown,*—T. S. struck out, and suggested *broken.*

Page 20, line 11-13.— *sculptor . . . architect,*—T. S. wished this passage to read, *mas-*

ter-sculptor, who (as was the way in those days) was an architect also, and a painter too. His marginal comment was, "Here 'bit of' indicates an amateurishness which is out of place. He would begin with being *maestro di pietra* & the rest in order."

Page 20, line 16.—*Sanazarro,*—So R. L. S. spells consistently. T. S. commented, "*Lando*, say (short for Orlando), a manly kind of name, and belonged to some artists." Throughout the MS. he frequently underscored *Sanazarro* to call attention to his disapprobation of the name. In the present passage he also wished to substitute *artist's* for *sculptor's.*

Page 20, line 21.— *her,*—R. L. S. first wrote *her at first,* later changing the position of the phrase.

Page 20, line 24.— *tranquil sorrow,*—R. L. S. first wrote *placid sorrow.*

Page 21, line 1.— *nun,*—T. S. wished this to be changed to *sister.* So eight lines below he wished *female* to become *angel.* It is hard to say whether, in some of these cases, R. L. S. accepted the suggestion or rejected it. With regard to the whole passage, T. S. commented in the margin, "I think a point or two ought to

be added — have a pious merchant from the neighbouring city determined to bestow an altar-piece, and send young Lando to execute the commission, and how he lodged in a house overlooking the garden."

Page 21, line 4.— *divine,*—R. L. S., whose spelling was often shaky, seems to have written *devine.*

Page 21, line 13.— *nun,*—T. S. again wished to read *sister,* and wrote in the margin, "she wasn't a *nun* you see."

Page 21, line 23-24.— *the painting of that nun,*—T. S. wrote in the margin, *that Sister for a model.*

Page 22, line 5.—*neighbourhood,*—R. L. S. wrote *nieghbourhood.*

Page 22, line 12.— *seen the face,*—R. L. S. first wrote *set his eyes* after *moment.*

Page 22, line 18.—*Duchess of Orsino,*—T. S. suggested *wife of the Count Orso.*

Page 22, line 23.— *that she should,*—T. S. suggested *to.*

Page 23, line 1.— *himself,*—After this R. L. S. wrote, and then struck out, the short paragraph, *"True," said the Abbess.*

Page 23, line 3.—*Mythological subject,*—T.

S. struck out and wrote, *matter of gods and goddesses,* and added in the margin, *"alcuni Dei* the usual sort of phrase for a mythology."

Page 23, line 17.—*Now,*—At first R. L. S. did not begin a new paragraph here, but later he made a cross and wrote "N. L." i. e., new line, in the margin, being probably not yet familiar with correcting manuscripts and proofsheets. *desired,*—T. S. struck out and wrote *would do much.*

Page 23, line 20-21.—*and . . . fancy,*—R. L. S. wrote and struck out *along* before *a long.* T. S. struck out the passage.

Page 23, line 21.—*at once,*—T. S. struck out, and again insisted on *Countess* for *Duchess.*

Page 24, line 4.—*ere,*—R. L. S. first wrote *when.*

Page 24, line 5.—*Grace,*—T. S. suggested in the margin *ladyship* (*sua Signoria*).

Page 24, line 7-8.—*Materials for embroidery,*—T. S. changed to *embroidery frames & wools.*

Page 24, line 15.—*Archbishop's,*—Here, as often, R. L. S. omitted the apostrophe. Hereafter such corrections will be made silently.

Page 24, line 23.—*Signor,*—T. S. wrote in the margin, *Messer Lando.*

Page 25, line 4.— *painting,*— R. L. S. may have struck out the comma after this word. *Often, when,*—R. L. S. first wrote *if ever.*

Page 25, line 7.— *lips,*—R. L. S. began and obliterated some word, and then wrote and struck out *somehow.*

Page 25, line 10.— *shadowed,*—R. L. S. began and nearly finished the word *stanchioned,* which he proceeded to use immediately below.

Page 25, line 15.— *silently,*—This seems to have been inserted by R. L. S. as an afterthought.

Page 25, line 19.— *limes,*—Some one, apparently not T. S., wrote in the margin, "I never saw limes in Italy."

Page 25, line 24.— *the two,*—R. L. S. wrote first and struck out *they.* Along the margin of this entire paragraph someone, apparently the person who had not seen limes in Italy, drew a line and commented "Excellent."

Page 26, line 17-19.—*with, . . . carriage,* — Opposite in the margin the unknown hand has written "Good."

Page 26, line 21.— *When the,*— R. L. S.

originally added, then struck out, *embarrassment of the.*

Page 26, line 26.—*the window,*—T. S., or some other reviser wished to read *his chamber window.*

Page 27, line 4-5.—*the gardener,*—T. S., or some other reviser, inserted *old.*

Page 27, line 12.—*dressings . . . fresh,*—T. S., or some other reviser, suggested *plasters* [?] *for green.*

Page 27, line 17.—*sweet consciousness of gait,*—T. S., or some other reviser, underlined and wrote in the margin *"C'est beau."* A line on the margin seems to indicate that part of the next sentence similarly impressed the annotator, of whose identity at this point in the MS. it is hard to make sure.

Page 27, line 18.—*was,*—R. L. S. wrote *nearest* after this word, then changed to the text as it stands.

Page 27, line 24-25.—*in an,*—R. L. S. first wrote *after an.*

Page 27, line 25-26.—*Once even, she raised,* —This seems to have stood originally *even, raised.*

Page 28, line 3-4.—*colour . . . . gait.*—T.

S. seems to have marked approval by a line in the margin, and to have struck out *of gait.* In the next sentence he struck out *adorable.*

Page 28, line 7.— *sometimes to,*—R. L. S. struck out *dry her eyes,* which he had inadvertently repeated.

Page 28, line 15.— *face,*—R. L. S. added, and struck out, *no longer.*

Page 28, line 17.— *good, wise,*—R. L. S. seems to have inserted *and* later, then to have struck it out.

Page 29, line 6.— *little opportunities,*—R. L. S. struck out *little,* then restored it.

Page 29, line 8.— *join,*—R. L. S. first wrote *be in.* The passage is marked, by T. S. seemingly, with a line in the margin accompanied by the comment, "This is good, but I am not sure whether it is not too long, and the manner too prattling and familiar for an ideal subject like this."

Page 29, line 19-20.— *and Ippolita . . . . paint,*—Here someone, not clearly T. S., has drawn a line in the text and one in the margin, and written "good."

Page 29, line 21.— *its,*—Here and elsewhere we find R. L. S. writing *it's.*

Page 29, line 23.— *hourly,*—R. L. S. first wrote *daily.*

Page 30, line 5.— *brushes, stood,*—R. L. S. first wrote, *brushes, and stood.*

Page 30, line 8.— *mild,*— the handwriting does not permit one to be certain that R. L. S. did not write *wild.*

Page 30, line 12-13.—*This . . . . died,*— these words are underscored in pencil; then the entire passage to the end of the paragraph is struck out by several pencil lines, and there are lines and comments in the margin. The first comment, in a hand not determinably one hitherto encountered, runs "*I don't see* that!" Then follows, in apparently T. S.'s hand, "That's Stephen's observation and agrees with mine. S." A little lower in the margin T. S. seems to have written "Rather mild work this for a full blown Italian Duchess!" The "Stephen" referred to seems clearly to have been Leslie Stephen.

Page 30, line 21.— *confidently on,*—R. L. S. first wrote *confidently and caressing upon.*

Page 31, line 5.— *sorrow,*—R. L. S. first wrote *a long longing.*

Page 31, line 7.— *from,*—R. L. S. wrote

first, then struck out, a word which seems to have been *from* with the *t* of *the* added.

Page 31, line 10.— *sunlight,*—R. L. S. first wrote *sunshine.*

Page 31, line 15.— *beyond,*—R. L. S. first wrote *over.*

Page 31, line 19.— *below,*—R. L. S. first wrote *below him.*

Page 31, line 21.— *slowly,*—R. L. S. here made a cross to indicate a footnote, then immediately below wrote "Foot note," repeated the cross, and enclosed the whole in parentheses. One or perhaps two of his readers placed in the margin the words "better out," a line, and a large interrogation mark. Here, and at each division of his story, R. L. S. drew a curious ornamental device.

Page 32, line 8.— *bed-ridden,*—R. L. S., who had just inadvertently written *no* for *now,* originally repeated *confined* from two lines above.

Page 32, line 9.—*vigour,*—T. S. (?) questioned the propriety of this word as well as that of *greater* in line 19 below.

Page 32, line 16.— *of the new chapel,*—T. S. wrote in the margin "don't let there be any

risk of confusion between this and the convent chapel."

Page 32, line 26.—*sands were,*—T. S. suggested *sand was. been,*—R. L. S. originally added, *requested to come back to the Palace,* the last word serving as catchword to the page, —catchwords being used throughout the manuscript. The passage was then stricken out, and *recalled* was used as catchword. *from,*—R. L. S. originally added here *her retreat,* then substituted the more detailed phrasing of the text.

Page 33, line 3.—*Isotta,*—T. S.—although the hand is larger than his generally is — comments in the margin, "*Diamante* a good name for a courtesan."

Page 33, line 6.—*very,*—T. S. struck out. He also struck out *to a not very reputable life* in the next line.

Page 33, line 9.—*before,*—R. L. S. first wrote *even before.*

Page 33, line 9.—*at least,*—T. S. struck out.

Page 33, line 10.—*Bartolomeo della Scala,* —R. L. S. used both *de la* and *della.* T. S. suggested in the margin *Ercole Manfredi.*

Page 33, line 11.—*driven,*—R. L. S. first wrote *driven indeed.*

Page 33, line 16.—*Towards,*—R. L. S. struck out and then retained. *January,*—R. L. S. first wrote *February. he,*—R. L. S. followed with *it,* which he struck out, as he did also after the parenthesis the words *as Sanazarro.* T. S. suggested instead of the parenthesis, *on whom the Count's choice had fallen.*

Page 33, line 20.—*coming,*—R. L. S. seems to have begun to write *go.*

Page 33, line 23.—*Monks,*—T. S. suggested *friars. in,*—R. L. S. wrote and struck out *between the.*

Page 33, line 25.—*secrecy,*—R. L. S. began the next sentence with a clause which he then struck out, *Although the house had been much visited of ecclesiastics in the last few months.* Then after *Sanazarro* he struck out *had never before seen so many or seen them so much.*

Page 33, line 26 — Page 34, line 1.—*to . . . and,*—R. L. S. first wrote *such a goodly company as this,*—later, apparently, changing the period to a comma.

Page 34, line 3.—*thoroughfare,*—T. S. sug-

gested, *coming and going. Death,*—R. L. S. first wrote, *The End.*

Page 34, line 13.—*"tomorrow",*—R. L. S. continued *for a time,* and then struck out the words.

Page 34, line 17.—*A sight of,*—T. S. commented in the margin, "'a sight of' is rank vulgarism." *sick,*—R. L. S. first wrote *ill.*

Page 34, line 18.—*doctors,*—R. L. S. wrote after this word, and then struck out, *and tried.*

Page 34, line 20.—*consult,*—The sentence ending here was much altered by R. L. S. He first continued after *benefit* with the following: *and it was a question, since he had always lived so ill, and showed a disposition to die in the odour of sanctity, whether it would not be better for himself and the world at large, that he should pass quietly away and get to Heaven while he had the chance.* This was all struck out, and in the margin a sign (*A) was inserted to direct the reader to the *verso* of l. 11 lying opposite the *recto* of l. 12, where the sign and *benefit* were repeated, and the substituted words were given as in the text.

Page 34, line 26.—*something of a swagger*—, T. S. (?) underscored, and commented

in the margin, "wants to be said a little more delicately." At the end of the paragraph someone, possibly T. S., has drawn a line in the margin, and written "Good."

Page 35, line 11.—*tinged,*—R. L. S. first wrote *tinted. certain,*—T. S. suggested *the.*

Page 35, line 13.—*forth,*—R. L. S. first wrote *out.*

Page 35, line 20.—*walk,*—R. L. S. continued, and struck out, *of a.*

Page 35, line 22.—*many,*—It is hard to say whether R. L. S. first wrote *these* or *three.*

Page 35, line 23-24.—*a word,*—R. L. S. first wrote *any word.*

Page 35, line 24.—*look,*—R. L. S. first wrote *glance.*

Page 35, line 26.—*far away,*—Apparently inserted when R. L. S. had struck out after *road* the words *evidently from a far way off.*

Page 36, line 7.—*went,*—R. L. S. first wrote *was.*

Page 36, line 23.—*a chance,*—R. L. S. first wrote *the chance.*

Page 37, line 3.—*than,*—R. L. S. wrote inadvertently *that lord,* then struck out *lord.*

Page 37, line 8-9.—*If . . . I,*—Someone,

possibly T. S., has inclosed in pencilled parentheses, and has written in the margin, "Brave!"

Page 37, line 25.— *way,*—R. L. S. appears to have begun to write *way,* then to have struck it out and written *road,* and finally to have come back to *way.*

Page 38, line 12.— *cauldron,*—opposite the close of this paragraph T. S. wrote in the margin, "Ought not the romance up at the convent to count for something in his sentiments?" This comment was then struck out.

Page 38, line 16.— *gave it,*—R. L. S. first wrote *gave them.*

Page 38, line 19.— *her hand,*—Someone underlined, and wrote in the margin, "not the custom."

Page 39, line 13.— *more politic,*—R. L. S. first wrote *safer and wiser.* Over *wiser* he wrote and struck out *safe.*

Page 39, line 15.— *raise,*— R. L. S. first wrote *muster.*

Page 39, line 16-17.— *go with him,*—R. L. S. continued, and struck out, *as a vi,* or what suggests this, although there is no dot to the *i.* Possibly he started to write in antithesis, "as a vigorous," *etc.*

Page 39, line 20.—*answered,*—R. L. S. first wrote *said,* then *replied.* He followed the paragraph with two short ones, later struck out —"*He would be better dead.*" And "*Yes, dear friend; but you and I may not think so.*" Whether these changes were due to a line in the margin and the pencilled comment — by T. S. or by an unknown hand —"a little weakish and goody," is not to be determined.

Page 39, line 24.—*smile,*— R. L. S. first wrote *laugh.*

Page 40, line 7.—*Ippolita,*—against this paragraph a penciled line has been drawn in the margin.

Page 41, line 2.—*fought,*—R. L. S. struck out *anyone* after this word. He also struck out after *troopers* the words *who went with him under the charge of the.*

Page 41, line 12.—*went,*—T. S. struck out, and then wrote above, *clashed.* He also struck out *at full gallop.*

Page 41, line 17.—*storm,*—R. L. S. seems to have struck out this word, then to have restored it, finding it to his mind after all. This seems also to have happened with *cruel,* page 43, line 2.

Page 41, line 24.—*for his,*—R. L. S. first wrote *for the sake of his.*

Page 42, line 8.—*got,*—Someone, possibly T. S., struck out, and then substituted *took,* and afterwards struck out *first, then,* and *poor.*

Page 42, line 16.—*spiritual,*— Someone, probably T. S., struck out, and a little below underlined *prominent* and *high.*

Page 43, line 14.—*wife,*—R. L. S. omitted quotation marks and inserted a row of dashes. Then he wrote, and struck out: *"You have used her very vilely," said the Director.——"Mea culpa, mea culpa," moaned the penitent,* the four Latin words being underlined.

Page 43, line 15-16.—*for all . . . past,*— These words seem to have been inserted, with a period closing them, as an afterthought.

Page 43, line 22.—*will,*—R. L. S. first wrote *shall.*

Page 44, line 11-12.—*And the heretics . . . zeal,*—Someone has drawn two lines in pencil under these words.

Page 44, line 14.—*one,*—R. L. S. seems to have written *another,* and then to have crossed it out, putting *one* in front of it towards the

margin. He drew a line under both words, whether for emphasis or not, is hard to say.

Page 44, line 21-22.—*Passion.....first,*—Someone, presumably T. S., has drawn a line in the margin against these words, and has written, "does not belong to the time." He has also drawn a long line against half the sheet, beginning with "And the heretics, father" and ending with "set aside."

Page 44, line 26.—*clasped,*—R. L. S. first wrote *moaned pitiably.*

Page 45, line 15.—*And Sanazarro . . . . This will be,*—The paragraphing follows R. L. S., who used *N. L.* three times in the text and three times in the margin to break up the original long paragraph.

Page 45, line 18.— *incarnate,*—R. L. S. first placed this before *devils.*

Page 45, line 25 — Page 46, line 1.— *and . . . . alone,*—R. L. S. wrote and struck out *when* after *and,* then struck out *were they gone forth,* and wrote above, *was she alone,* as in the text.

Page 46, line 8.— *antechamber,*—R. L. S. first wrote *ante room.*

Page 46, line 22.— *penitence,*—The original has no mark of interrogation.

Page 46, line 25.— *further,*—It is hard to determine here and in other cases whether R. L. S. wrote *further* or *farther.*

Page 47, line 12.—*Nose,*—R. L. S. placed a colon after this word. He shows throughout, an eighteenth century fondness for such punctuation. Someone, presumably T. S., did not like the passage and, placing a comma after *nose,* struck out the text through *I say.*

Page 47, line 20.— *quiet,*—Before this word R. L. S. wrote and struck out *peace and.*

Page 47, line 25.— *pardon,*—R. L. S. next wrote and struck out *of him.*

Page 48, line 5.— *countenance,*—It seems to have been T. S. who, not liking this word, struck it out, and wrote *grin* above it.

Page 48, line 7.—*I would,*—R. L. S. first wrote *As God sees me, I would;* then striking out *As God sees me* and a *than* after *conscience,* he repeated the phrase as in the text.

Page 48, line 21.— *has,*—R. L. S. first wrote *so has.*

Page 48, line 23.— *listen,*—R. L. S. first

wrote *look. My lord,*—A preceding dash was inserted by R. L. S., with a caret.

Page 49, line 18.—*Devily,*—The reading seems to be clear; yet R. L. S. may have written *Devilry,* a word he seems to have preferred to *Deviltry.* See J. A. Hammerton's "Stevensoniana," Edinburgh, 1910, p. 324.

Page 50, line 4.— *industriously,*—Someone has underscored in pencil both this word and *improving* below.

Page 50, line 18.— *lift,*—R. L. S. first wrote *help.* Then he struck it out, and inserted *lift,* with a caret. Still dissatisfied, he struck out *lift,* then rewrote it.

Page 51, line 4.— *not unlike cat's,*—Written by R. L. S. in the margin, apparently as an afterthought.

Page 51, line 23.—*At least,*—This sentence was written by R. L. S. in the margin, with a dagger corresponding to one in the text. He first wrote, then struck out, *The poison,* and seems to have changed the small *a* of the original *at* into a capital, inserting *it,* with a caret.

Page 52, line 7.— *broken,*—R. L. S. first placed this word before *bone.*

Page 52, line 12.— *them . . . . were,*—The

MS. reads apparently *them, far as grave as they were.* Possibly *far* may be *for.* Probably R. L. S. neglected to strike out the word here omitted, or he may have intended to read *far* with the comma after it instead of before.

Page 53, line 8-11.—*but she . . . . . recollections,*—Someone has made in the margin a large black mark of interrogation in pencil.

Page 53, line 13.—*gather,*—R. L. S. first wrote *flow.*

Page 53, line 16.—*weep,*—The closing marks of quotation are omitted, but as a rule R. L. S. was careful about such matters.

Page 53, line 21.—*with a smile,*—Written by R. L. S. in the margin, apparently as an afterthought.

Page 53, line 22.—*Orsino's . . . And,*—Between these words R. L. S. wrote as a separate paragraph and an initial sentence, the following, which he later struck out:—*"Do not say that," he answered, smiling also, "or you will make me jealous in spite of my own heart." "Well then," she said simply, "it is because I love you, dear!"*

Page 55, line 4.—*preparation,*—After this word R. L. S. wrote, and struck out, *of.*

Page 55, line 11.— *at once,*—R. L. S. substituted these words for *before he could expect the miracle.*

Page 55, line 18,— *restored,*— After this word R. L. S. wrote and struck out *what.*

Page 55, line 23.— *trying for,*—R. L. S. seems to have nearly finished writing these words, then to have struck them out, then to have decided to write them in full.

Page 56, line 3.—*Although,*— After this word R. L. S. wrote *I dare say.* Someone has drawn a pencil through the added words, and they are omitted from the text.

Page 56, line 8.— *received,*—R. L. S. wrote and struck out *and* before this word. A line below he wrote *entheusiasm.*

Page 56, line 13.— *wrought,*—R. L. S. first wrote *performed.*

Page 56, line 25.— *a while,*—R. L. S. first wrote *A long while.*

Page 57, line 23.—*he,*—R. L. S. first wrote *the* before this word.

Page 58, line 2.— *but the most,*—R. L. S. first wrote *property was restored, beyond.*

Page 58, line 4.— *ostentation,*—R. L. S. first wrote *parade.*

Page 58, line 6.—*great door,*—R. L. S. first wrote *high altar.*

Page 58, line 7-8.—*and vowed,*—R. L. S. first wrote *promised,* for which he then substituted *and swore,* finally choosing the present text.

Page 58, line 9.—*future,*—R. L. S. struck out after this word *and intimated his intention to go the next day, bare foot, clad in sack cloth and with a cord about his loins, to the castle of Bartolomeo, and.* He made another start with *to* above these words; then apparently put a period after *future,* and wrote in the margin, *He vowed also,* letting these words connect with *lead,* which he had written just after the struck out words given above. After *lead* he struck out *him,* and he inserted *Bartolomeo,* with a caret, after *back.* Before finishing the passage as it stands, he had written and struck out before *lead* the words *and told them he should,* placing them in the margin.

Page 59, line 1.—*agreed to,*—R. L. S. first wrote *come* after these words.

Page 59, line 2,—*palace,*—R. L. S. struck out after this word, *But the whole day by day, there seemed to be less solemnity and less re-*

pent. Confessor,—R. L. S. first wrote *director.*

Page 59, line 6.— *restored,*—R. L. S. seems to have started to write this word, to have struck it out, and then to have written it in full. T. S. suggested *renewed* for *renovated,* and wrote against the paragraph in the margin, "Can be shortened with advantage."

Page 59, line 7.—*One,*—R. L. S. seems to have written *And at last one.* Then he made a new sentence with *At last,* and finally left the text as it stands. *patience,*—R. L. S. struck out *with th his* after this word.

Page 59, line 10.—*He,*—R. L. S. seems first to have written *he* in the case of both pronouns. After the second he struck out *cut you.*

Page 59, line 23.—*could move,*—R. L. S. first wrote *even moved myself.* He seems to have intended to stop his sentence with *before* and then to have added *the miracle.*

Page 59, line 25.—*The priest,*—This paragraph is struck out in pencil, and in the margin, against the next paragraph, someone, probably T. S., has written, "Say all this simpler and shorter."

Page 60, line 9.— *palace,*—R. L. S. first placed a period after this word, then seems to

have added a comma and continued *and though Orsino had been long desirous.* Then striking out *desirous,* he wrote *anxious to see the progress of the tomb, he.* All this having been finally struck out, he inserted the colon before *it,* and proceeded as in the text.

Page 60, line 11.—*statues,*—R. L. S. seems to have made, and struck out, a false start with this word.

Page 60, line 16.—*wife,*—R. L. S. struck out *and* after this word, and added after *Cosmo,* in the margin, *and . . . gentlemen.*

Page 61, line 1.—*valuable,*—Someone, apparently T. S., has struck out and written *delicate* above this word.

Page 62, line 8.—*be rid of,*—R. L. S. first wrote *divorce,* next *get rid of,* then substituted *be* for *get. Married . . . moments,*—This passage is struck out in pencil, and in the margin appears a mark of interrogation followed by the words, "that is Stephen's mark. I think it's all right." This comment seems to be by T. S., and probably the original query was due to Leslie Stephen. A little lower in the margin T. S. appears to have intended the words "Messer Lando" to apply to Sanazarro, al-

though he underscored Bartolomeo in the text. He also placed an interrogation mark against *Duchess,* and may have struck out the word.

Page 62, line 18.—*these two,*—R. L. S. first wrote *they.*

Page 62, line 23.— *this,*—R. L. S. struck out *evil* after this word.

Page 62, line 26—Page 63, line 1.—*bad . . . Sanazarro,*—These words are underscored in pencil, and someone has written in the margin, "milk and waterish."

Page 63, line 7.— *dear,*—R. L. S. first wrote *good.*

Page 63, line 10.— *creatures,*— R. L. S. started to write this or some other word, and then struck it out.

Page 63, line 17-19.—*I doubt . . . happy,*— Someone has placed a mark of interrogation in the margin.

Page 63, line 23.— *went,*— R. L. S. first wrote *hung. for,*—R. L. S. first wrote *on. Sanazarro,*—R. L. S. first wrote *Sanazarros, when he was alone.*

Page 63, line 24.— *work,*—R. L. S. seems at first to have added here a new sentence com-

plete in itself, *His head was full of fancies, but the power of execution had deserted him.*

Page 64, line 4.— *sword,*—R. L. S. seems to have made a false start with this word, and to have inserted *utterly* as an afterthought.

Page 64, line 5.—*formed,*—R. L. S. first wrote *made. the sculptor,*—R. L. S. first wrote *him.*

Page 64, line 15.— *instrument,*—Someone, presumably T. S., has written "tool" over this word.

Page 64, line 23.— *full,*—So far as the handwriting is concerned, this might be *fall.*

Page 65, line 5.—*his son,*—R. L. S. first wrote *Gian Pietro.*

Page 65, line 12-21.—*The sun . . . patron,* —Someone has drawn against this a pencil line in the margin.

Page 66, line 6.— *should be,*—R. L. S. continued it first *at the disposal of himself or his friends all night through, whatever inconsistent.* This was struck out, and *open* written as a catchword at the bottom of the page; but the next page (37) did not begin, as it should have done, with *open, whatever,* but only with *inconsistent.* At the top of p. 37 of the MS. ap-

pear in ink, probably in Stevenson's hand, though smaller than usual, the words "rewrite this page." The initials "L. S." are appended in parentheses, a pencil being employed. "L. S." may be Louis Stevenson, but they are also the initials of Leslie Stephen, and they may indicate the latter's agreement with the author's memorandum.

Page 67, line 3.— *indignity.*—R. L. S. struck out after this word, *As whenever, therefore, Sanazarro entered the Pala.*

Page 67, line 14.— *down,*—R. L. S. first wrote *along.*

Page 68, line 6.— *more luxuriant,*—Someone has underscored these words, and has written in pencil in the margin the word "weak."

Page 68, line 16.—*The next,*—Against this paragraph someone has made in pencil in the margin a large mark of interrogation.

Page 68, line 26.— *with which,*—R. L. S. first wrote *of which.*

Page 69, line 1.— *satisfied,*—R. L. S. began to write *pleased.*

Page 69, line 4.— *request,*—R. L. S. continued with, and struck out, *he had just so much respect for his wife in his better,* the last word

being the catchword. He then supplied a new catchword *in,* and began p. 39 as in the text.

Page 69, line 6.—*find,*—R. L. S. first wrote *make,* following it with something apparently meant for *her,* and following that with another *make.*

Page 69, line 14.— *prepare myself,*—R. L. S. first wrote *persuade my.*

Page 70, line 3-5.—*I warn . . . feelings,*—Someone has struck this out with a pencil.

Page 70, line 25.—*herself,*—After this word R. L. S. began to write, and struck out, *during my.*

Page 71, line 4.—*whispered,*—R. L. S. began to write, and struck out, *gave him.*

Page 71, line 23.—*The older,*—Against this and the two next paragraphs someone, perhaps T. S., has drawn a line, and has written in the margin, "all these parts might have a little more fire and go and condensation."

Page 72, line 22.—*he,*—R. L. S. wrote after this word, then struck out, *took.*

Page 73, line 8.— *torment him,*—R. L. S. continued, but struck out, *There was now no Not only the horror of the impending massacre.*

Page 73, line 11.—*were,*—R. L. S. first wrote *was. he feared some mischance,*—R. L. S. first wrote *what might not happen.*

Page 73, line 17.—*private,*—Someone has struck out this word with a pencil, and has repeated the process just below, inserting after *written* the words "in the Duke's praise."

Page 73, line 18.—*poet,*—R. L. S. struck out after this word *in honour of the reconciliation of old foes.*

Page 73, line 25.—*gate,*—R. L. S. first wrote *town. mighty,*—R. L. S. seems to have begun to write *great.*

Page 75, line 2.—*away,*—R. L. S. wrote after this, but struck out, *at once. the fragment,* —R. L. S. first wrote *it.*

Page 75, line 3-4.— *thenceforward,*—R. L. S. began to write *afterwards* or *afterward. chisel,*—Someone, probably T. S., pertinently suggested "hammer." *bare,*—R. L. S. next wrote and struck out *and shot back.*

Page 75, line 14.— *brows,*—R. L. S. continued with, but struck out, *and felt as though a weight had been lifted.*

Page 75, line 18.— *but,*—R. L. S. first wrote *and.*

Page 75, line 25.—*going,*—R. L. S. first wrote *coming and going.*

Page 76, line 12.—*traject,*—R. L. S. struck out *that* after this word. Someone, apparently T. S., suggested *transit* in the margin.

Page 76, line 24.—*drew,*—R. L. S. seems at first to have wrtten *laid,* perhaps intending to write "laid about him."

Page 77, line 13.—*you may imagine,*—Someone has struck out these words with a pencil.

Page 78, line 1.—*anyone,*—Someone seems to have run a light pencil through *any.*

Page 78, line 19.—*attached to.*—R. L. S. first wrote *belonging to.*

Page 79, line 13.—*trooped off laughing,*—R. L. S. struck out before these words, *tripped off lau.*

Page 80, line 3.—*falsehood,*—T. S. (?) underscored and wrote "lie." He also ran his pencil through *discontented.*

Page 80, line 5.—*replied,*—R. L. S. first wrote *returned.*

Page 80, line 18.—*pitched upon,*—R. L. S. first wrote *fixed upon.*

Page 80, line 21.—*knowing,*—R. L. S. first wrote *having.*

Page 81, line 20.—*What,*—R. L. S. first began his sentence with *Wherefore.*

Page 81, line 26.—*advantage to the chase,*—Someone underscored, and placed a mark of interrogation in the margin. R. L. S. wrote *the* twice, deleting the second.

Page 82, line 1.—*gained,*—R. L. S. first wrote *venture.*

Page 82, line 6.—*Sanazarro,*—Here, in the margin, and a little below, two lines have been drawn in pencil.

Page 82, line 11.—*galleries,*—R. L. S. first put a colon after this word, and continued, *it was plain that Orsino had left the palace by the private door.*

Page 82, line 17.—*vivid,*—Inserted by R. L. S., with a caret. After *moonlight* he struck out *so intense, that,* and, having written *vivid* above, struck that out also.

Page 82, line 20.—*moved,*—R. L. S. first wrote *stirred.*

Page 82, line 23.—*intense,*—R. L. S. first wrote *vivid.*

Page 83, line 1.—*Isotta,*—T. S., if it were

he, always intent on his own views, underscored and wrote in the margin, "Diamante."

Page 83, line 15.—*violent,*—R. L. S. first wrote *great.* Someone drew a light pencil mark in the margin against the passage. *with him,*—R. L. S. at first enclosed in commas.

Page 83, line 18.—*brain,*—R. L. S. first wrote *mind.*

Page 83, line 19.—*Whether,*—R. L. S. wrote *Whether he was right or not in,* then struck out *he was right* and *in.*

Page 84, line 1,—*to fortify,*—R. L. S. inserted *to,* with a caret. T. S. wrote against the passage, in the margin, "Surely his hatred of Orso would get something here from his love of Ippolita."

Page 84, line 20.—*Duke,*—R. L. S. began to write a continuation of the Duke's speech, *"Must I,* then struck it out.

Page 85, line 2.—*falling,*—After this word R. L. S. wrote, and struck out, *at the foot of the.*

Page 85, line 16.—*ring,*—R. L. S. first wrote *clash.*

Page 86, line 9.—*out a tocsin,*—Someone has struck out with a pencil.

Page 86, line 12.—*Sanazarro began,*—These words were appended to the preceding paragraph, and were then struck out by R. L. S.

Page 86, line 13-14.—*although . . . . hours,* —Struck out by T. S., who drew a line in the margin and wrote, "This péripétie admirable in itself but these sentences somehow weaken it. 'began to comprehend' is not the kind of way it would dawn upon him." The use of the French term for that partof a drama where the plot is unravelled seems a bit more in keeping with Leslie Stephen than with Thomas Stevenson, yet the hand suggests that which made most of the annotations. Have we been misinformed as to the father's part in the revising?

Page 86, line 21.—*distant,*—R. L. S. continued, but struck out, *and were watched;* then he struck out *watched* and wrote *guarded by one bewildered sentinel, who was so full of inquiries as to why they had begun the war.* He also started to write above these words a new sentence beginning with *They.*

Page 86, line 25.—*enterprise,*—R. L. S. struck out *night's* before this word.

Page 87, line 2.—*know,*—R. L. S. struck out *what was* after this word.

Page 87, line 5.— *the,*—R. L. S. first wrote *your.*

Page 87, line 17-18.— *a sense of power in him.*—T. S. suggested "in him a sense of power."

Page 87, line 22.—*forward,*—R. L. S. struck out *through the night* after this word.

Page 88, line 13-14.—Against the paragraph someone, apparently T. S., has drawn a line in the margin, and written "good." *that,*—R. L. S. originally wrote *in that.*

Page 88, line 25.— *had now become gloomy,* —R. L. S. first wrote *was now something sullen.*

Page 89, line 3.—*spurred,*—R. L. S. seems to have begun, before this word, to write *suffered,* or else *suffering.*

Page 89, line 15.— *then,*—R. L. S. first wrote *again.*

Page 89, line 19.— *distribution,*—T. S. suggested "play."

Page 90, line 13.—*set,*—R. L. S. first wrote *fixed.*

Page 90, line 22.— *chapel,*—The MS. ends more than half way down page 54, and below the last line of text R. L. S. drew a line. Some-

one has scribled in a large hand, in pencil, below this line, "Bravissimo, caro mio!" To the side of this we find in a small hand, "whose remark is the above?" This query is signed "S," and appears to be by T. S., who has written above the Italian words of encouragement, "It would have helped to make the marriage of artist and countess possible — if you had said how Ercole would take no half measures now he had won, but would destroy ["root out" was first employed] the house of Orso, root and branch, with murder, pursuit and spoliation — so that Ippolita would be impoverished and imperilled; then she would not be too proud or too great for Lando."

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